

# The Remnant

(Est. in 1967)

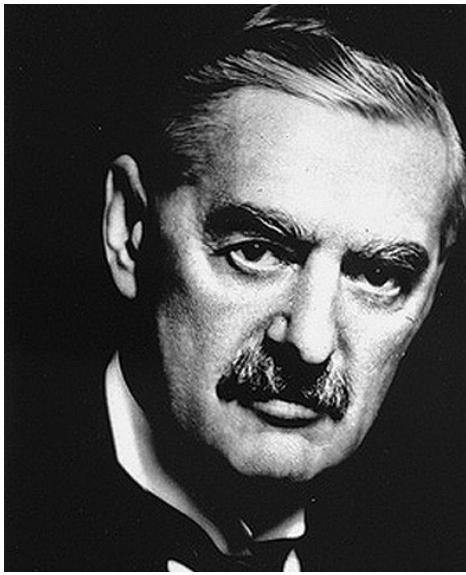
“... At the present time there is a remnant left, selected out of grace.” - Romans 11:5



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*Amoris Laetitia's* attempt to appease the forces of secularism will be worth to secular society about as much as the Munich Agreement was to the Nazis.



Neville Chamberlain

## In the Spirit of Neville Chamberlain

By Michael J. Matt and Thomas More

It may seem tautological, but the authority of the Catholic Church rests in the exercising of its authority. A Catholic Church that neither binds nor loosens, excludes nor includes, judges nor forgives, is but a paper tiger rather than a Papal Rock. While paper tigers may have their day, they inevitably fall apart in heavy storms such as the one in which we currently find ourselves. Only the Rock will prevail. It is just a question of time.

In one of his works, James Joyce has a

~ See *Chamberlain*/ Page 2

## 15,000 Traditional Catholics March from Paris to Chartres



Thousands of French scouts walk the pilgrimage from Paris to Chartres. Here we see a very typical scene: one little one with blisters, assisted by her comrades. As in life itself, we can't do it alone. We need our God, His Mother and our brothers and sisters in Christ to help us along the way. (Photo by Notre-Dame de Chretiente)

### Reflections from the Chartres Pilgrims

By Remnant Pilgrims, (2016)

Dear Remnant Readers:

This year I took the opportunity to go on the Chartres Pilgrimage to France. The trip was undoubtedly the greatest experience of my entire life and the memories and friends I made on that pilgrimage will be treasured for many years to come. I even had the honor of serving Mass in some of the holiest and most ancient places in all of Christendom, such as San Sulpice, the crypt in Chartres Cathedral, high in the French Alps at La Salette, and even in St. Mary Magdalene's Cave! We spent the first two days in Paris and got to visit many fantastic places such as the convent where St. Catherine Laboure and St. Louise de Marillac lie incorrupt, and Notre Dame Cathedral where we were blessed to see and venerate the Crown of Thorns.

The Pilgrimage itself was more wonderful than anything I had ever imagined. The scenery was beyond beautiful as we walked through massive fields in full bloom, past old farms, and through trails in huge forests.

The medieval hymns sung by thousands of pilgrims on the three-day pilgrimage was something else to hear as well as the sight of thousands of pilgrims of all different nationalities attending from around the world.

~ See *Pilgrim Reflections*/Page 5

## Moments of Grace on the Road to Chartres

By Christopher A. Ferrara

I have walked the pilgrimage from Paris to Chartres eleven times. The road to Chartres is like an old friend to me now; a friend with whom I have fought and reconciled many times, always forgetting the pain of the relation, always rejoicing in the gift of it. The road to Chartres seems to demand more than one can possibly bear, yet somehow one is eager for the next struggle with it, as if what was unendurable has for that very reason become indispensable. This is the great

paradox of worthy suffering, or at least a weak soul's attempt at worthy suffering.

I know them all now, as intimately as the furnishings in my own home: every bend in the road, every endless winding hill, every turn around a corner to reveal a new, even vaster distance to traverse, every place of fleeting respite from carrying the mounting burden of one's own body, every recollected landmark, seemingly placed there by a demon to taunt one with the memory of how little one has progressed and how very far one

has yet to go: give up, give up, give up.

“The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.” Thus declares one of Blake's *Proverbs of Hell*. But for Catholics on the road to Chartres there is a proverb of Heaven: The road of suffering leads to the palace of Our Lady. *Chez nous*. And only by that road can one enter therein with the right disposition of soul to feel even in the body that one has not merely reached the end of an impossibly long walk, but the

~ See *Road to Chartres*/Page 8



# In the Spirit of Neville Chamberlain

M. Matt & T. More/ Continued from Page 1  
 character—Stephen Hero, possibly—who rejects the notion of leaving Catholicism in order to become a Protestant. He rejects the idea, he says, because it would be illogical to reject a completely coherent myth for a completely incoherent one. This current pontificate, and its teaching of non-teaching, risks—deliberately or negligently—attempting to replace Catholic coherence with Protestant incoherence. “Things fall apart, the center cannot hold, mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,” to quote another Irishman.

The present Pope’s plan to travel to Sweden next to year to personally commemorate the 500<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Protestant Revolt is not some isolated incident. The convergence of Catholicism and Protestantism has long been the endgame of the ecumenical movement, but this does not mean that Protestants will be obliged to amend their ways or abandon their heresy. Quite the contrary, in fact. The ‘new and improved’ Catholic Church has no intention of letting doctrine get in the way of unity. And if Catholic doctrine needs to be softened or even set aside in order to facilitate that unity, well — so be it.

Even a child can understand that this is incoherent. But the intellectual strength of the Catholic Church has always rested in its coherence and its appeal to reason. In that regard, it has always coherently taught that following its rules results in salvation, whereas failure to follow its rules results in exposure to the risk of eternal damnation. That having been said, even in such situations, the sin

was to be blamed and not the sinner, for only God could judge the conscience of others. These are basic propositions, not hard to grasp.

We are now at a crossroads in our Church, where even basic propositions are misunderstood or misrepresented, and the social aspect of Catholicism is diminished in favor of an extreme form of individualism. Amazingly, this extreme form of individualism actually diminishes the importance of the individual and human agency. It is a theology of sin without sinfulness, where redemption is no longer necessary because there is no culpability, which is a thinly veiled variation on Lutheranism.

At best, it could be argued that *Amoris Laetitia* seeks to create flexibility where once there was uniformity, so that those on the peripheries can be ministered to. However, this approach fails to recognize that those who cling to doctrine are lost sinners who seek certainty, and, as such, doctrine is not an impediment to salvation, but its facilitator. As such, once clarity is replaced, confusion reigns, and souls are lost not gained. What may have been initiated as a charitable endeavor quickly reveals itself as an egregiously false charity and, indeed, the greatest violation of charity imaginable—telling those in danger of losing their souls what they want to hear so that they recognize no urgent need to repent.

In order to seek to bring in those on the peripheries, *Amoris Laetitia* holds forth the possibility that doctrine can be different, depending on cultural circumstances. In one country, for example, unrepentant, open and notorious adultery and fornication may be seen as a gravely sinful. Such sinners, absent repentance, exclude themselves from entering into full communion with the Church. By engaging in adultery in this jurisdiction, the social nature of the Church calls for scandal to be avoided. Avoiding scandal—in the true, Catholic, sense—outweighs any interest the unrepentant adulterer has in partaking in the Eucharist. The adulterer takes the consequences of grave sin on his or her head, is removed from the guarantee of salvation through the Church, and potentially faces eternal damnation. This is all subject, of course, to returning through repentance, as shown in the Parable of the Prodigal Son.

In another jurisdiction, however, post *Amoris Laetitia*, adultery may be seen as a “good,” something possessed of grace and, therefore, a positive step of gradualism. In such a jurisdiction, for example, a pop star might be free to pontificate openly about her attendance at Mass and reception of the Eucharist despite the fact that her antics may have scandalized many Catholics. Scandal, in such a jurisdiction, would mean less than the misinformed conscience’s right to pontificate openly and erroneously on all manner of things. The individual’s right to err is more important than the Church society’s right to be guided towards salvation by clear teaching.

Through this “logic,” the logic of *Amoris Laetitia*, a completely coherent myth — the solid rock foundation upon which Western Civilization grew and upon which it rests — has been replaced by a

completely incoherent myth. However, the Catholic mind cannot long tolerate such inconsistency, and the Church must abrogate the document or hemorrhage believers.

*Amoris Laetitia* could very easily be seen as the culmination of decades of poor priestly formation and placing Man’s desires above God’s rules. The rights of man have been so engrained in the modern “liberated” mind that the rights of God are at best part of a pious consideration for some individuals and at worst a threat to the common good (the Church’s moral teaching on contraception may here come to mind). The Church has surrendered her *raison d’être* —the salvation of souls—in exchange for promises of a fleeting liberty to coexist in a secular regime. Thus *Amoris Laetitia*’s teaching of non-teaching, its doctrine of no doctrine, attempts to hold an uninformed conscience high above the safe haven provided by following Church teaching and assuring oneself salvation. However, in it, certainty and clarity are replaced by chaos and anarchy, and what is objectively morally objectionable is redefined as something possessing grace. This trick is achieved by denying free-will and replacing it with bio-psycho-social determinism.

Through determinism, decisions to commit sin are recharacterized as biological, environmental and psychological necessities over which only religiously perfect supermen have control. For the rest of us, who now are not called to sainthood, marriage and continence are merely ideals. In such a situation, sin is an impossibility, and redemption through repentance is unnecessary. Because we are pre-programmed automatons, God’s Mercy is all that is required, and it is freely given to all. Damnation is not the logic of the Bible. After all, Jesus does not mention damnation or Hell, right? Martin Luther certainly didn’t think so.

In this new theology, for example, cohabitation outside of marriage is a fact made necessary by such things as economics rather than a willful, contumacious, stubborn, refusal to follow God’s law. Moreover, since illicit cohabitation expresses affection, it is actually good and possesses grace. As such, stretching the logic further, cohabitation is not sinful in a gradualist and relativist sense, and if it is not sinful, it cannot be scandalous. Needless to say, this reasoning was behind Jesus extending his Mercy and telling the adulteress that her sins were forgiven.

The Church is now in the land of the looking glass. How the economic cost of illicit cohabitation is more expensive than living together after a valid Catholic marital ceremony is not explained. Moreover, “go forth, and sin no more” is erased. The duty to accept persons has become the duty to facilitate behaviors.

In a feat of Orwellian newspeak, to call any particular behavior sinful is unacceptable, for to blame the sin is now deemed to be hurtful to the sinner, and causing offense by calling sin “sin” is one of the only sins for which one may be held accountable.

In this theological newspeak, the miracle of inversion is achieved by the

replacement of the concept of free-will with determinism, and in this system, mitigating factors become justifications evidencing our entitlement to Mercy and forgiveness, rather than factors reducing the intensity of potential punishment. For, in this new system, if we have no choice, we cannot be blamed, and, in the modern world, many factors conspire so as to make our *choosing, knowing* and *willing* practically impossible.

We are no longer Belloc’s humanity, worthy of being held accountable, but are instead, driven by herd instinct, and not called to be heroic individuals at all. Yet, our religion, our civilization and our laws are based on the concept that we must afford each other the respect of assuming that we anticipate the consequences of what we intend, and that we are, accordingly, accountable for those consequences. It is only just to afford another the assumption of competence and agency. Yet, is it any surprise that the Death Penalty and Just War theology are purportedly up for review by the proponents of newspeak theology? Moreover, although *Amoris Laetitia* was written with sexual sins in mind, its logic must apply to all grave sins, including economic sins, even the economic sins against which Francis repeatedly rails. This is because, even economic sins must be subject to the same doctrine of no doctrine. There can be no logically valid reason to distinguish between sexual or economic sins.

The very essence of humanity, our ability to *be*, to *choose* good and evil, are negated or severely compromised in the new theology. The Garden of Eden becomes a story, Adam and Eve characters in a parable. This modernist-reductionist philosophy reminds one of German fascism. Moreover, Pope Francis and *Amoris Laetitia* cannot but remind one of Neville Chamberlain waving the Munich Agreement in the air in front of an airplane, saying:

“The settlement of the Czechoslovakian problem, which has now been achieved is, in my view, only the prelude to a larger settlement in which all Europe may find peace. This morning I had another talk with the German Chancellor, Herr Hitler, and here is the paper which bears his name upon it as well as mine. Some of you, perhaps, have already heard what it contains but I would just like to read it to you: ‘... We regard the agreement signed last night and the Anglo-German Naval Agreement as symbolic of the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again.’” (Wikipedia)

But Chamberlain was to be proven wrong, and mankind was forced into world war. Like Chamberlain, Francis is the wrong man, in the wrong place, at the wrong time, with the wrong ideas.

*Amoris Laetitia*’s would-be pragmatic attempt to appease the forces of modernism and secularism will be worth to secular society about as much as the Munich Agreement was to the Nazis. Its approach is doomed to failure. How do we know this? Well, time may be greater than space, whatever that means, but one thing is certain: History repeats itself. The paper tiger cannot beat the Papal Rock. ■

## The Remnant

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# The Remnant Speaks

Letters to the Editor: The Remnant Speaks P.O. Box 1117, Forest Lake, MN 55025 ~ [Editor@RemnantNewspaper.com](mailto:Editor@RemnantNewspaper.com)

## Mr. Matt Looks Tired

Editor, *The Remnant*: Thank you for your work exposing modernism rot in the Church. Many of us are tired and suffering under this papacy. In the latest Remnant TV video, I noticed how Michael Matt is tired. Know that you're reaching and encouraging many people. Hold fast, brother! Peace to you all.

Philipp

**Editor's Note:** Thanks, Philipp. I will try, although I must admit I consider myself very blessed, that in a world so filled with evil and error, sadness and poverty, I am surrounded by seven wonderful and healthy children, a loving wife and all the love for which one man could ask. My apologies for conveying the impression that 'woe is me', for in truth, life—even despite it all—is good, as is God Himself, Who is still in His heaven, whether our poor, deluded world wishes to acknowledge Him or not. He will not be mocked much longer. Viva Cristo Rey! **MJM**

## Can't Afford The Remnant

Editor, *The Remnant*: I am 76-years-old and trying to live on Social Security. I can't afford a subscription at this time but your newspaper gives me hope. We had a deacon who said in his homily that Jesus rebuked the Pharisee and Scribes. He said "today in the Church, we have the same Pharisees and Scribes--- their law is the catechism of the Catholic Church and 2000 years of Church Teachings." It's all so very sad.

Maryann

**Editor's Response:** Thanks, Maryann. Please tell your deacon to keep his day job, as he's obviously quite inept at the one he tries to do on the weekends. And if you want to continue your subscription to *The Remnant*—after all these years of faithfully subscribing—just say the word and it's yours for as long as it's of service to you. And, thank you for your loyal support over the years. **MJM**

## Francis Awards the Devil Herself

Editor, *The Remnant*: Hello. I wanted to contact you regarding a recent ceremony where Pope Francis gave awards to several actors who are infamously repulsive. One of the performers worked in a little known film entitled *Dogma*. The film isn't simply blasphemous—its basis and theme is anti-Catholic from beginning to end. I viewed it while in college and it stuck in my mind because it was offensive, a little funny, and because of Salma Hayek's performance of a strip tease.

I am now a confirmed Catholic so I didn't review the film because Salma is (or was) extremely attractive and the performance (if memory serves) was nearly pornographic in nature. It was also of a pedophilic nature. Salma appeared in a strip club in school girl uniform sucking on a lollipop and then performs for the male audience.

I don't know how to make this scandal more widely known but I believe that you do. For the Pope to award this woman is beyond belief but then they award Nancy Pelosi et al with the Blessed Sacrament, knowing full well she is unfit, too. There is no more effective way to battle this Papacy than with humiliation. Please consider working to plaster Francis rewarding Salma with a medal overlaid upon the image of her performing a striptease while wearing pigtails as she sheds her Catholic school girl uniform down to her underwear and writhing about on stage. What a disgrace!

Russell Koch

**Editor's Reply:** Thanks, Mr. Koch. I agree, of course, and we did a Remnant TV exposé on this latest papal scandal. You can find it here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UplH-ijWTAY> Many thanks, and keep the old Faith. **MJM**

## Yes, Norcia Calls

Editor, *The Remnant*: Great reading by Hilary White. Yes, Norcia takes hold of us. Hilary's words bring me back to our visit a few years ago. I briefly became acquainted with American Brother Peter. He asked me to pray for him. I do. We prayed the evening Office and yes the Chant is heavenly. The "quiet", I must say, is beautiful. Since then, Norcia has indeed continued to call me back. Thank you for this personal article of faith.

G. Wnorowski  
Jacksonville, FL

## Thanks, Ann Barnhardt!

Editor, *The Remnant*: You are the last man standing; like the man in the road shouting that the bridge is out when one of those Mississippi river bridges collapses. People don't listen and the cars just sail past and into the Mississippi. I think that Ann Barnhardt's "Diabolical Narcissism" Remnant article is one of the best I have read in the recent history of the Remnant. Why? because it provides a template for understanding the insanity of our current circumstances in the Church and the world, but also a warning to not fall into

the same trap. Keep up the great work.

Kind regards,  
Bill Choquette

## Love The Remnant's New E-Edition

Editor, *The Remnant*: Congratulations on this very impressive e-edition of *The Remnant*. I haven't as yet navigated the entire process, but am looking forward to doing so. I am not crazy about electronic technology, but we must "fight fire with fire" and you are doing just that for the Catholic Church.

Also, I am not absolutely sure, but I think my subscription is automatically renewed. If not, could you let me know and I will renew the old fashioned way. I haven't figured out the audio yet, but I think this is a wonderful feature. God bless you and your work.

Sincerely,  
Connie Bagnoli

## Apostolic Exhortation

Editor, *The Remnant*: Pope Francis' Exhortation *Amoris Laetitia* is a watershed moment in the Church. Pope Francis has shown the world that the indissolubility of Marriage is just an ideal. Indissolubility is not an ideal, it is a fundamental characteristic of Marriage. Pope Francis fails to say that marriage is first of all for procreation but instead talks as though love and unity are first: "We need a healthy dose of self-criticism. Then too, we often present marriage in such a way that its unitive meaning, its call to grow in love and its ideal of mutual assistance are overshadowed by an almost exclusive insistence on the duty of procreation." (AL 36)

The logical conclusion of this inversion of the ends of Marriage is that family sizes can be limited. Didn't Pope Francis once say we must not breed like rabbits to be good Catholics? This line of reasoning is why gay marriage is so prevalent in the Western world. They say "love wins" as their slogan. Nowhere in *Amoris Laetitia* is there a statement condemning gay marriage for the perverse abomination against the Natural Law that it is. Nowhere does it mention in strong terms that divorce can occur for purely secular effects only in extreme cases i.e. Abusive relationships. Even



in those situations, the marriage bond remains and there can be no remarriage as long as the other spouse is alive.

This document is not an encouragement to heroically live family life in a world that has embraced perversion. Western Civilization is crumbling. Europe (and also North America) is contracepting itself out of existence with many families limiting their kids to just one or two, large families are frowned upon and ridiculed, Europe is being conquered by Muslims since they are filling the void of the Europeans who are contracepting themselves out of existence. This Pope fails to see that Muslims have always wanted to take over Europe. Many battles were fought in Europe in its history to prevent what is now happening to them with the so called Migration as we speak. Gay marriage is being pushed down our throats and persecution is ensuing for those that hold the Traditional beliefs of Marriage.

Finally, I encourage the Remnant to help guide faithful Catholics in our trying times and to help us discern as to how we should proceed as our nation is faced with a presidential election.

Jim Jones  
Hoboken, NJ

## Inside this issue

June 15, 2016

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## Lives of the Saints...

# St. Vladimir the Great

Which saint had hundreds of concubines, multiple wives from around the world, so many children that everyone lost count, and an army of pagans? That would be St. Vladimir of Kiev.

Vladimir, the grandson of St. Olga, was the youngest son of Sviatoslav I of Kiev by a seer named Malusha, a lady described in the Norse sagas as a prophetess who lived to the age of 100 and was brought from her cave to the palace to predict the future.

Vladimir's rise to power did not come naturally or peacefully. His father died in 972, leaving Vladimir, who was then prince of Novgorod, and his brothers, Yaropolk and Oleg, to contest greedily for succession. Oleg and Yaropolk declared war on each other. During the ensuing four years of turmoil, Oleg accidentally killed Lyut, the son of Yaropolk's chief adviser and military commander, Sveneld, while hunting in the Drevlyan lands which Oleg regarded as his own.

In an act of revenge, and at the insistence of the bereft Sveneld, Yaropolk engaged his brother Oleg in battle. Oleg was killed incidentally when he fell into the moat while on the run, and Yaropolk did regret this. Guilt notwithstanding, Yaropolk then set his sights on his surviving brother, Vladimir. His next move was to send his men to Novgorod, but Vladimir had fled to Scandinavia on receiving the news of Oleg's death. Yaropolk became the sole ruler of Kevian Rus', a loose federation of Slavic tribes which had previously been ruled by Oleg.

In Sweden, Vladimir enlisted the aid of a noble relative, Håkon Sigurdsson, ruler of Norway, to assemble a Varangian army. At the head of these mercenaries Vladimir returned to Novgorod, seeking vengeance and the throne he regarded as his noble right. As it turned out, Vladimir was the most ruthless of his siblings. On his way to Kiev, he seized the historical city of Polotsk on a jealous whim, because Rogneda, daughter of the Polotsk prince Rogvolod, had chosen Yaropolk over him. Vladimir forced Rogneda to marry him.

Then Vladimir seized Kiev with assistance from a man called Blud, who had become Yaropolk's chief adviser upon the death of Sveneld. Blud betrayed Yaropolk by advising him to flee from Kiev and go into retreat in the town of Rodnya at the mouth of the Kevian Ros' River. Vladimir besieged Rodnya and starved Yaropolk into negotiations. Yaropolk trusted Blud (unaware of the latter's prior conspiracy) and his brother's promises of peace, and left for Vladimir's headquarters, where he was ambushed and killed by two Varangian mercenaries.

By these and similarly devious exploits, Vladimir, by the year 980, had consolidated the Kievan realm from modern-day Ukraine to the Baltic Sea, and had solidified the frontiers against



incursions of Bulgarian, Baltic, and Eastern nomads.

From the very start of his reign, he established his reputation as a profligate warrior who conquered lands, slaughtered people, and partied like the Great Gatsby. He professed to be a follower of Slavic paganism, and occasionally took part in human sacrifices.

In 983, after another of his military successes, Prince Vladimir and his army held a public ritual to sacrifice human lives to the gods. A lot was cast and it fell on a youth, Ioann by name, the son of a Christian, Fyodor. His father stood firmly against his son being sacrificed to the idols. More than that, he tried to show the pagans the futility of their faith: "Your gods are plain wood: it is here now but it may rot into oblivion tomorrow; your gods neither eat, nor drink, nor talk, and are made by human hand; whereas there is only one God — He is worshiped by Greeks and He created heaven and earth; and your gods? They have created nothing, for they have been created themselves; never will I give my son to the devils!"

This speech enraged the pagan soldiers and those gathered for the sacrifice, who claimed Fyodor and his son were guilty of blasphemy. A mob fell upon the father and son and killed them, spurring a region-wide persecution of Christians, all condoned by Vladimir himself.

Interestingly, it was this speech which caused Vladimir to wonder about the strange courage of the Christians, and begin to ask questions about their unique Faith. He sent his envoys throughout the civilized world to judge firsthand the major religions of the time: Islam, Roman Catholicism, Judaism, and Byzantine Orthodoxy.

Of the Muslim Bulgarians of the Volga, the envoys reported, "There is no gladness among them, only sorrow and a great stench." It was also reported that Islam was undesirable due to its rejection of alcoholic beverages and pork. Vladimir remarked on the occasion: "Drinking is the joy of all Rus'. We cannot exist without that pleasure." Ukrainian and Russian sources also describe Vladimir consulting with Jewish envoys and

questioning them about their religion, but ultimately rejecting it as well, saying that their loss of Jerusalem was evidence that they had been abandoned by God.

His emissaries were most impressed with their visit to Constantinople, saying, "We knew not whether we were in Heaven or on Earth... We only know that God dwells there among the people, and their service is fairer than the ceremonies of other nations."

In 987, Emperor Basil II requested the aid of Vladimir to put down a revolt in his empire. Vladimir negotiated the terms, and sealed the alliance with a request to marry Basil's sister, Princess Anna. He agreed to accept the princess' religion, as well. The terms were agreed upon and the wedding took place after his baptism, at which he took the Christian name Basil, a nod to his imperial brother-in-law. He promptly dispatched 6,000 soldiers to put down the revolt, and returned to Kiev in triumph. There he put aside his former pagan wives and mistresses, destroyed pagan monuments and built churches, the first of which was named St. Basil. He also began the process of converting his people to the True Faith. He personally supervised the baptisms of thousands of his subjects.

After his conversion, and with the Byzantine Empire now his ally, Vladimir was able to live for the most part in peace with his neighbors and devote new resources to education, legal reform, and charitable works. The Faith had taken deep and powerful root in his heart and soul, and he ruled so kindly after his conversion that he became known as Vladimir the Great — a far cry from his previous life. His holy wife died in 1011, having borne him two sons, Boris and Glib (also known as Sts. Roman and David, from their baptismal names). Vladimir continued his efforts to spread the Faith, and is credited as the person most responsible for the Christianization of Russia. A large number of legends and Russian folk songs were written in Vladimir's memory.

Not all of Vladimir's subjects accepted his policies peacefully, however. Among these were some of his former wives and their sons. Several of these princes rose in armed rebellion, notably Prince Yaroslav of Novgorod. In the course of putting down this revolt, Vladimir died in battle at Berestovo, near Kiev, on July 15, 1014. The various parts of his dismembered body were distributed among the numerous churches and monasteries he had founded and were venerated as relics.

The Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox churches celebrate the feast day of St. Vladimir on July 15. ■

#### Sources:

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[www.newworldencyclopedia.org/entry/Vladimir\\_I\\_of\\_Kiev](http://www.newworldencyclopedia.org/entry/Vladimir_I_of_Kiev)  
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# Reflections from the Chartres Pilgrims

Remnant Pilgrims/Continued from Page 1

The last day found us at Chartres Cathedral with over 10,000 pilgrims and attending a Mass celebrated by an abbot and also attended by the bishop of Chartres himself. Later on, we also saw the Veil of Our Lady which is housed in the Cathedral and the silver ring of St. Joan of Arc.

After the pilgrimage, we spent a solid week more in France visiting places such as the French Alps where I had the thrilling experience of climbing a peak and seeing snow-capped mountains extending for miles around.

From there, we went to the Church and cave of St. Mary Magdalene where we saw and venerated the relics of three saints who had lived during the time of Our Lord: St. Mary Magdalene's skull, the skull of St. Sidoine, and also some relics of St. Maximin. We spent the last two days of the trip at the Mediterranean, where we got to swim in the crystal-clear water and take a relaxing boat tour. I thank God and Our Lady, my sponsors, the organizers, and our chaplain with all my heart for giving me the chance to partake in such an unforgettable experience and I strongly encourage all Catholics, with a love of their Faith and spirit of adventure, to make this pilgrimage—it is truly the opportunity of a lifetime!

Robert A. Seeley  
(Sponsored by Remnant Pilgrims)

*Dear Remnant Readers:*

Thanks so much! Christina and Peter brought us pictures and stories and will keep the memories for a lifetime! God bless you all. In the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His Immaculate Mother Mary~

Kirk and Bonni Kanzenbach

(Parents of two sponsored pilgrims)

*Dear Remnant Readers:*

I want to thank The Remnant Tours for organizing my most favorite trip I have ever taken (setting aside my Honeymoon, of course!) This pilgrimage was something I have wanted to do for many years, but always shied away from the idea because I feared I just couldn't endure the physical aspect of it. So, despite worrying a bit about the cost (which was the best investment one could make) and safety issues (none of which we experienced), at the tender, 'maturing' age of 57, I finally committed to this pilgrimage. I have been on three others before, but this one has left an impact that the others cannot equal. The religious sites that we visited this year after the pilgrimage walk – as I'm sure is the case every year – were so impressive; the most inspiring and extraordinary one for me was St. Mary Magdalene's cave – I could have stayed there all day. My favorite place we stayed at was a former Dominican convent at which birds in the courtyard woke me up before my alarm and the church bells nearby rang dutifully. The evening dinners with everyone, plus the end-of-the-week talent show could not be matched by any professional entertainment; I laughed so hard I had tears in my eyes. Oh, how I wish I had



it all on videotape! Traditional Catholics may be quite serious about their Faith, but they sure know how to have a huge amount of fun! Even the bus rides to the various sites were fun: we prayed the Rosary, listened to inspiring and compelling talks, and sang. And of course, I would be remiss to not mention how wonderful it was to be able to assist at a Traditional Latin Mass every day. Since I'm from an area where that is restricted, it was a true gift.

On the grueling walk itself, however, I questioned whether I was truly daft. At times, I felt like I had joined the army or, better yet, my imagination placed me on a chain gang. Yes, no slowing down allowed for us! This amazingly efficient organization, Notre-Dame de Chretiente, had to keep everyone on perfect pace—and they accomplished it. I will never forget after what seemed like a very short rest period being prompted by the French crowd directors: "Get up, America! Move out...Go, Go, Go!" And they said it with smiles on their faces, and with such general good cheer, it was clearly all in good fun and was received that way. I wondered how in the world these controllers could get the tired mob moving; they were magicians, they were remarkable. How easily can one get another who is limping or sweating or exhausted, to get up and troop along? But that is exactly what we all did. We loved the pain. We did it for our special intentions, whatever they may be. We did it for the restoration of our Holy Mother Church. And besides, our spots were needed for the next batch of weary pilgrims!

But the main point that I wanted to write about was the climax of the three day walk itself. One is at a loss for words to describe the feeling of immense joy in being in the Chartres Cathedral and witnessing the hundreds of Traditional Latin Mass-saying priests filing in procession at the beginning of Mass. I

didn't know there were so many priests who loved the Church's ageless worship, and they were blessedly so young!

One is deficient in ability to explain the beauty of all the banners of beloved saints held by pilgrims for 70 miles and then proudly carried in through the front doors of the Cathedral—I think every saint must have been represented. I had the impression (which of course is true) that they were all there in spirit, too.

One cannot find words to describe the contentment, the gratification, the pride of being among like-minded, fellow Catholics who share the same Faith as handed down from the Apostles. For, at that given moment, you are truly at peace. All the craziness of the world is somewhere else; certainly, the worries and the troubles are far from your mind.

And finally, music speaks to my soul. Even though the pilgrimage was going to continue, the peak, the height, the culmination for me was to hear the French sing their Love song to Mary at the end of Mass. During the walk and at the Pentecost Mass the day before, I had heard this most beautiful and ancient hymn so many times—that even though I didn't understand the exact meaning of the now familiar words, I knew instinctively that it was all about France's love of God and the Church and of their Queen—the *Chez Nous Soyez Reine*. I was given glimpses of what the Eldest Daughter had been like at the peak of Christianity in Europe. Having walked through fields and woods like the Vendee militants, having seen the awe-inspiring memorial of the French Foreign Mission Society in Paris, having seen stunningly beautiful churches, and having witnessed the Catholic Scouts in unison raise their hands in pledge to God, I could not help but know and understand and love the heartbeat of this beautiful yet plagued country. It is clearly displayed in this homage to

Mary. I was thrilled to realize that there still is a vibrant remnant left in France who love Tradition. And I was quite grateful that I chose to join the American chapter in that tribute.

Cynthia Feldman  
Potomac, Maryland

*Dear Remnant Readers,*

Thank you for giving me the wonderful opportunity to be able to go on the Chartres pilgrimage this year. Thank you also to Dr. Rao and our chaplain, Fr. Pendergraft. The pilgrimage was difficult but knowing that I had people to pray for, who wanted me to do this, made it easier. Walking with so many traditional Catholics was very inspiring! I want to thank everyone who helped sponsor me and I am very grateful to all of them. It was a very great and holy pilgrimage. I especially liked being able to venerate Our Lady's veil at Notre Dame Chartres and visit La Salette and see the spot where Our Blessed Mother appeared to the children. I have to say it strengthened my faith and helped me to have a better appreciation and love for the Church. I will not forget this special privilege and hope to come back in the future.

God bless you,  
Anthony Mitchell  
(Sponsored Pilgrim)

*Dear Remnant Readers:*

A long day on the hard roads and rugged trails between Paris and Chartres had made me weary beyond all imagining. My aging body screamed that it was too old to do this pilgrimage now. My out-of-shape leg muscles felt as though they were being filleted from my bones. My ankles and feet, now twice their normal size with edema, were far from numb to the pain, despite the swelling.

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# Reflections from the Chartres Pilgrims

Continued from Page 5

Honestly, I was in pain and too much of a weakling not to cry. The tears fell freely as I walked. I was far ahead of my American chapter because my aching body had one speed that it could manage now, and when the collective body of pilgrims was occasionally slowed to a snail's pace, I would limp along, passing group after group as I went. Today this method of moving had actually taken me 50+ chapters ahead of the Americans.

As I limped along, I suddenly realized that I was in step with a French group, the patron of whom I cannot recall now, but whose vitality I remember clearly. The French Hail Mary, often sung in the pilgrim chapters, was being prayed by this small group so consolingly, like a mother's soothing lullaby; "Je vous salue, Marie, pleine de grâces".

As I walked with them for a time I found their singing to be cathartic and, despite my pain, I couldn't help but to join my voice to theirs: "le Seigneur est avec vous; vous êtes bénie entre toutes les femmes".

On and on I walked with them, praying quietly to myself, allowing their prayerful music to wash over my spirit. I prayed for my family at home. I prayed for deceased family members. I prayed for friends. I prayed for myself. "et Jésus le fruit de vos entrailles, est béni."

I prayed almost desperately that I would somehow be able to overcome the pain in my legs and feet and make it to the next medic stop where there would be a car to whisk me off to the camp. I prayed this last prayer quite fervently with tears pouring down my face.

"Sainte Marie, Mere de Dieu," -- the words of the Hail Mary penetrated my brain again and then I was able to walk and even ignore the pain for a while longer.

Suddenly, we rounded a corner and were now crossing an intersection. Traffic was present here, and a car pulled up alongside our group. It was full of



The heavy statue of Notre-Dame de Chretiente (Our Lady of Christendom) is carried by young men all the way from Paris to Chartres

exhausted pilgrims being transported to the medics' station.

I was so tempted to flag them down to catch a ride, "taxi"—but that's just not done. Then I heard the lilting sound of the Hail Mary again, coming from inside that car and the words were a little echo of ours out here on the street: "priez pour nous pécheurs, maintenant, et a l'heure de notre mort." The words met midair between the suffering pilgrims being transported to the medics and the suffering walkers still out on the road to Chartres. We all smiled at each other; the moment was golden, as we recognized our mutual desire to reach our goal, one way or the other—the camp, tonight, surely, but ultimately—Heaven eternally.

The strained sounds of our pilgrims' voices mingled in the air momentarily before the car was waved on through the intersection and those, the 'pilgrims suffering', moved out beyond and away from us, and we, the 'pilgrims militant', carried on with renewed energy at the

knowledge that we were united in our prayers and sufferings, and that we were all in this together.

Quietly, I cried and marveled at the beauty of this pilgrimage—the beauty of the Faith so alive in the pilgrims; the Beauty of God and His angels and His Saints, beckoning us onward towards Heaven; the beauty of the Angels I felt sure were holding back the curtain in the sky to reveal the smiling Queen of Heaven on her throne, the little Infant King on her knee. Truly, at that moment, my mind's eye could see Notre Dame de Chartres and she gave me courage.

Now my tears were no longer of pain but of sheer and miraculous joy! As I basked in the bliss of a pilgrimage miracle, our group was suddenly walking into the midst of the next rest stop. I felt like I had wings. The medics' cars that I'd so ardently prayed for a short while before were there, but somehow I didn't care about them anymore. At that moment I felt I could walk unassisted all the way

to Chartres and back again before the day was done.

As I sat and rested for that short 10-minute break, Mary smiled again inside my soul, as her little Son healed my pain in so many ways. I picked up my back pack and began to walk again.

"Anise soit-il. Alleluia!"  
Carolyn (Matt) Brannon

*Dear Remnant Readers,*  
The seventy-mile pilgrimage from Our Lord's Crown of Thorns in Notre Dame de Paris to the Veil of the Blessed Virgin Mary housed within her Notre Dame de Chartres, was one of the hardest and most rewarding experiences of my life. The blisters and aching legs and feet made mile after mile absolutely miserable. However, these pains made the journey and its conclusion sweeter and more beautiful, and I'm sure every Catholic on the pilgrimage will agree. As I processed into Notre Dame de Chartres, I could not help but to recognize the faith and devotion of the Catholics who had built this magnificent cathedral. The historical significance of the Cathedral and pilgrimage, the choir's hymns of praise, and a sense of Catholic pride sent chills up my spine and overwhelmed me. The best way to describe this experience would be to tell you that it was life-changing.

I strongly urge every Catholic to attempt to make this pilgrimage, and if he is unable, to at least help sponsor another to go in his place. You will visit many beautiful places and also make great Catholic friendships. I knew no one when I landed in Paris, but I now have really good friends, friends whom I know share the same faith and values as I, and who will pray for me every day because they are fighting the same fight I am and know what tribulations we face.

Finally, I would like to once again thank Mr. Matt and all those who organized and took such great care of us on the trip. I especially thank all of my sponsors, who granted me the honor of making this pilgrimage and offering prayers on their behalf.

In Christo Rege,  
Jack Heape  
(Sponsored by Remnant Readers)

*Dear Mr. Matt,*  
Thank you again for all the work you put into organizing and directing the Chartres pilgrimage. This event has been sort of a 'bucket list' item of mine since I first read about it in the Remnant 25 years ago. Having finally walked this iconic pilgrimage, I can only say I wish I'd done it sooner! When people ask me about the trip, I have a hard time finding words to really describe this pilgrimage — you simply have to experience it yourself. I think the reason for this is the pilgrimage is like life...all of us are different, and each path has a uniqueness and graces chosen by God for that person alone. I've read the pilgrims' stories from the past, and for me, Chartres meant no showers, pain, blisters, heat and cold, exhaustion, (did I mention no showers?) and the like. I also expected a good deal of loneliness since I knew almost



Moments after the pilgrimage had ended, the U.S. chapter was treated to a surprise visit from Bishop Michel Pansard of Chartres

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Continued...

no one in the tour group. But I wanted to strengthen my own faith, and craved the final triumph in Notre Dame – the single thundering voice of thousands of Catholics praising God and for that I was willing to walk just about anywhere. And so we walked, and as we put one foot in front of the other, I learned this was no simple walk to a final celebration.... this was a microcosm of our walk to eternity.

I learned that this is a journey carved out of normal time, with space to be alone with God, sometimes in prayer, or other times in emptiness.... waiting. And I saw Him in my fellow pilgrims, people I'd only just met and found them to be my closest friends. In fact, it was like we had always known each other, and as we ate, slept, walked, sang, and prayed together, we had more fun than people in pain should really be allowed. I did not expect that.... the sheer joy and happiness, and just how much we all relied on each other's encouragement, humor, and love to get to our final destination. Sure I felt the pain, but not as much as I felt the constant onward push toward Our Lady and Chartres, a more powerful motivator than I would have imagined. And just when we didn't think another step was possible, the Cathedral came into sight, and we knelt in the road and sang the Salve Regina in gratitude.

Finally, sitting on the cold stone floor of Notre Dame de Chartres, muscles locked into numb inertia, a final wave of deep exhaustion gripped me. I certainly felt no triumph, and could string no thoughts together save for, "You brought me to this place—now what, God?" It's the proverbial fist-shaking at God when He empties us out, and we forget that He's got a plan to fill the void. In typical God fashion, He answered with the words of the Communion verse for Pentecost Monday saying "The Holy Spirit will make plain to you all the things I have told you." That's it...the secret. And from that moment, I can truly say my pilgrimage began, not ended. Because every day since, He calls to my mind different things from the pilgrimage and how they relate to life now, and graces just keep flowing.

It's been several weeks since the

pilgrimage and it still feels like yesterday. I miss it... the sights and sounds, the wonderful people, the deep sense of unity brought on by a march for the restoration of the old faith. I've been on retreats; I've been on tours, and trips to holy places.... nothing compares to this.

And yes, that final triumphant march from the Cathedral was every bit as grand as I'd dreamed, and out of that sea of 15,000 Catholics rose a single thundering voice, chanting a love song to Our Lady which I will never forget. If I could tell your readers anything, it is go on this pilgrimage. Let no excuses stop you. I don't know what affect it will have on your life, but it will be profound, that is guaranteed! I loved every minute of this pilgrimage and the tour that followed and will be friends for life with many of the pilgrims I met on this journey.

A huge thank you to the wonderful French Catholics who organize this pilgrimage every year. The old faith is alive and well in the young faces there – it seems our grandparents and parents did their job well in passing on this their greatest treasure.

And my deepest gratitude also to the hundreds of traditional priests and bishops who brave all manner of persecution to restore the old Mass to their parishes and people... I saw you there at Chartres and was edified and blessed by your presence – you are in my daily prayers!

Thank you, Mr. Matt, for seeing the importance of this pilgrimage and continuing it every year to spread the old faith. I think it a most invaluable means of doing so and will gladly do all I can to help future pilgrimages. I was so happy to be a part of it! As far as being a chaperone, it's definitely a possibility, especially if all pilgrims are as wonderful as this year's! I've chaperoned young groups many times before both on domestic trips and abroad, and have never met a finer bunch of young Catholics as on this pilgrimage! God Bless you all and I hope to see you again on next year's pilgrimage!

Julie Koch

*Dear Remnant Readers:*

Since this was my first pilgrimage, and first travel to France, I was impressed with the organization of events. I was grateful to you and Marylou—The Remnant Tours' French guide—for her work. The accommodations, bus travel, and meals were great. The visits to the various shrines after the walking portion of the pilgrimage were awesome. I am glad Mr. Ferrara, Dr. Rao, and Fr. Pendergraft were there.

The key statement that made my decision to join Remnant Tours was the interview with Fr. Pendergraft on your Facebook page. I quote, "the best way

to see France, is through a pilgrimage like the one from Paris to Chartres". -Fr. Pendergraft. When you told me that Fr. Pendergraft was going to be the chaplain, then I couldn't wait to sign up!

Both Jean and I have been touting the benefits of this pilgrimage with fellow Traditional Catholics here in Lafayette. I hope that some of them will be able to make the Paris to Chartres tour in 2017.

Respectfully,  
Bill Richards ■



Faithful Remnant Tours' chaplain, Fr. Gregory Pendergraft, FSSP, offers Mass in the crypt of Notre Dame de Chartres, very near the sacred relic of the Veil of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Thanks, Father...for everything. God bless you!)



# Moments of Grace on the Road to Chartres

C. Ferrara/Continued from Page 1

place where the only thing that matters in the end is found: the intersection of heaven and earth, the portal to eternity.

“What we call the beginning is often the end/And to make an end is to make a beginning. The end is where we start from.” So wrote Eliot in his last great work, the frank expression of a confused Anglo-Catholicism that was nonetheless the crowning achievement of his poetic career, earning for him the contempt of enlightened atheist critics as the curtain was rising on the last act of our post-Christian civilization.

To walk the road to Chartres, especially under the growing limitations of advancing age, is to be reminded with every step of what Augustine called the “*magna cogitatio*”—the great thought, the thought of eternity, where our end becomes our beginning. In the meditations of Alphonsus Ligouri, the disillusioned lawyer who became a Doctor of the Church, we read that Saint John of Avila, also a Doctor of the Church, converted a certain woman merely by counseling her to reflect on two words: *ever* and *never*. We read also of a monk “who went down into a grave that he might meditate continually on eternity, and constantly repeated ‘O eternity, eternity!’”

On the road to Chartres, as the body begins to break down, one is forced to contemplate its ultimate failure and the soul’s passage into that realm of ever and never. In the midst of all the pain, the grace of suffering borne willingly—or let us say, more or less willingly—yields such salutary thoughts as these: a review of one’s sinful life, and the revulsion it ought to engender; an overpowering sense of one’s worthlessness before God; the recognition that death is always near, and coming nearer; a vision of oneself in the open casket during a wake that will precede almost everyone forgetting that you ever lived; and in that same vision, the sight of your own face, no longer animated by the soul that has departed for the handing down of its eternal and irrevocable judgment. But above all, the least that can be expected of a Christian: an earnest plea for the grace of a well provided death.

On the road to Chartres, one readily understands why even a holy monk was impelled to climb down into the dirt to experience with the senses what is all too easy to accept as a proposition without yet comprehending it in the fullness of one’s being: “It is appointed unto to men once to die, and after this the judgment.” All of the peril in which the world finds itself today arises from a resolute forgetfulness of the ineluctable day of reckoning.

But even for the convinced Catholic, the Four Last Things are always tending to recede from view amidst the pleasures of life. This is why the spiritual masters strive for what Eliot called “a condition of complete simplicity (costing not less than everything).” On the road to Chartres, if only for a time, before worldly amenities balm away the memory of the pain that laid the soul bare, the pilgrim enters into that condition of simplicity. There a soul that

cannot bear very much suffering, but at least had the merit of placing itself in a situation which demanded it, can approach a penitential offering of self that is the daily life of a saint. And such a soul is mine.

The road to Chartres ends at the entrance to a great palace of Our Lady. May God grant that at the end of this life all the steps I have taken on that earthly road will, by His grace, have helped to bring me within sight of the entrance to the Queen of Heaven’s eternal palace, and that I will have the unending joy of being allowed to enter there forever. ■



## The Quest for Virtue...

# This Is the Moment That Matters

By Alan Scott

Ever notice that we rush through our days with so much to do, so much we think we should be doing, so much we think we’re missing out on? I wonder how often we give the proper time and attention to the moment we’re in. This truly is one of my biggest faults, and I suspect it’s pretty common for most people. And it’s one of the things I’m trying hard to conquer.

### The Moment We’re In

When I’m at work, I’m often trying to quickly get through a task, so I can move on to the next. Or simply staring at the clock, anxious to leave for the day.

When I’m at home, I’m trying to quickly complete necessary tasks around the house, so I can be out in my garden, or reading.

When I am helping my mother with her needs, I am often frustrated because I have so many other things on my mind.

The list is endless.

How often in life do we neglect giving our full focus and attention to what we’re doing in the moment of time we’re in? The more virtuous way would be to give of ourselves to what we are called to do. At. That. Moment.

### Learning to Appreciate and Fully Be in the Moment

We can always try to find something to be grateful for during the moment we’re in. If you’re around someone you love, enjoy that. If you’re doing something that is providing charity to another, be thankful for that. If you’re simply home and secure, be grateful.

But what if you *don’t* like where you are at that moment?

This is when we are provided the perfect opportunity to offer self-surrender and sacrifice for others, and most importantly, to God. A person who lives without peace in their soul is often that

way because they do not care to let God manage their lives. Instead, they’re always fighting to figure things out on their own—to do what they want to do. How they want it done. When they want it done.

It’s here that we are given an opportunity to forget self and find something far greater. The opportunity to let God guide us in what our life should be each day. And can any offering ever please God as much as the greatest gift of all – our Will?

Instead of constantly looking at the clock, wondering how much longer we will be stuck in our current task—perhaps we should seize the opportunity to simply give our “all” to the moment, to the task at hand, to the moment that God has put in front of us at that exact time and place. And by doing it with as much determination and joy as possible, what may have at first seemed displeasing, may become rewarding because we’re doing it out of a sense of Christian duty or charity, but most importantly, for the love of God.

Remember, it’s when we do everything for ourselves that we lose our peace

and become selfish. Because selfishness never brings happiness. The most virtuous thing we can do is to place our life in God’s hands, and let Him direct our daily life as He wills it. This we can do with patience, understanding, generosity, and unselfishness in our daily activities.

So, the next time you want to quickly get something done so you can move on to what you *want* to do next – stop for a moment, and realize that the moment you’re in is the exact moment that God has given you. There, in that moment, is your opportunity to *want* to do that task, and to do it as well as you possibly can. And in that moment, you have the opportunity to please God, simply by giving your all to the task He has given you.

The more perfectly we can give of ourselves to the moment we’re in, so much more perfectly will we find peace, and a true union with God – and happiness.

And who doesn’t want that? ■

*Mr. Scott’s work can also be found on [GrowinVirtue.com](http://GrowinVirtue.com), a site dedicated to the topic of the struggles and necessity of Catholic virtue.*







## What Heretics Believe...

# The Baptists

Baptists are one of the largest Christian denominations. They are named after the primary Baptist distinction of “believer’s baptism” (explained later) as opposed to infant baptism. Most Baptists are evangelical in doctrine and Reformed in worship, but Baptist churches do not have a central governing authority, so a wide range of beliefs can be seen between one Baptist church and another.

Many Baptists attempt to trace their origins to the early church; the period when the church consisted of committed believers who were baptized upon confession of faith as adults. Baptist beginnings have also been traced to medieval sects who protested against prevailing baptismal theory and practice, and to the Anabaptists of the Continental Reformation, especially in Zurich.

The origins of the Baptists are most commonly traced to John Smyth and the Separatists. In 1609, John Smyth, led a group of separatists to the Netherlands to start the General Baptist Church with an Arminian theology. In 1616, Henry Jacob led a group of Puritans in England with a Calvinist theology to form a congregational church that would eventually become the Particular Baptists in 1638 under John Spilsbury.

Both groups had members who sailed to America as pilgrims to avoid persecution in England and Europe and who started Baptist churches in the early colonies. In 1639, Roger Williams founded a church on Baptist principles in Providence, Rhode Island, and this is usually regarded as the beginning of American Baptist history.

At the turn of the 21st century, there were about 43 million Baptists worldwide with about 33 million of those in the United States and 216,000 in Britain. There are over 850,000 Baptists in South America and 230,000 in Central America and the Caribbean.

### What Do Baptists Believe?

#### Christ is personal Lord and Savior:

- Baptists celebrate the fact that belief in Jesus Christ assures salvation and eternal fellowship with a loving God.

- However, Baptists hold that each individual is free to determine his own eternal destiny. With this freedom of choice comes the responsibility of each man to answer to God for as his choice, but his salvation is ultimately up to the individual.

#### Salvation by Grace through Faith:

- According to the Scriptures, a person’s eternal destiny is based on whether or not they receive the

gift of salvation offered by the Lord Jesus Christ. All men are sinners and are in need of salvation, else they will endure Hell for all eternity. However, Christ has purchased our salvation through His death and resurrection. He now offers this free gift of salvation and the promise of an eternity in Heaven to all men. We receive salvation by choosing to believe in Him and trust in His finished work and the veracity of His offer. There is nothing we can do to merit salvation, nor any other means of entrance into Heaven except through accepting Christ’s offer.

#### Primacy of Scripture:

- Holy Scripture is the authoritative and trustworthy guide for knowing and serving the God who is revealed as Creator, Savior and Advocate. The bible and its clear, literal teachings are the final authority for faith and practice. They attempt to back up everything they believe with “Chapter and Verse”, and hold that anything that is contrary to the clear teaching of the bible is not true.

#### Believer’s Baptism:

- An ordinance performed after a person professes Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior and is symbolic of the cleansing or remission of their sins. In the Baptist denomination, *baptism plays no role in salvation*; it is rather an outward expression of the inward change that has already taken place.

- Baptists emphasize baptism by full immersion, which follows the method used by John the Baptist. This usually consists of lowering the candidate in water backwards, while a pastor recites the Trinitarian formula of Matthew 28:19, “Therefore go and make disciples of all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

- Most Anabaptist churches, Pentecostal churches, Restorationist churches, and non-denominational churches share this understanding of baptism.

#### Congregational Governance:

- Gives autonomy to individual local churches in areas of policy, polity and doctrine. Each congregation of believers is free to act for and govern itself.

- Baptist churches are not under the direct administrative control of any other body, such as a national council, or a leader such as a

bishop or pope. Administration, leadership and doctrine are decided democratically by the lay members of each individual church, which accounts for the variation of beliefs from one Baptist church to another.

- John Wycliffe and Uldrych Zwingli were strong influences in the early development of the idea of congregationalism.

#### Priesthood of the Believer:

- Baptist faithful have no intermediate authority between them and God. Baptists hold that there is no man or church authority whom one must go through to attain fellowship with God. We can go directly to God with our petitions and prayers, and He will make His plan known to us.

- Since they claim the bible only makes mention of pastor and deacon, these are the only religious offices held within the Baptist religion.

#### Separation of Church and State:

- The Church and State were ordained

by God for different purposes, and must not mix authority.

- In 1612 John Smyth wrote, “the magistrate is not by virtue of his office to meddle with religion, or matters of conscience”. That same year, Thomas Helwys wrote that the King of England could “comaund what of man he will, and wee are to obey it,” but concerning the church -- “with this Kingdom, our lord the King hath nothing to do.”

#### Baptist Lifestyle:

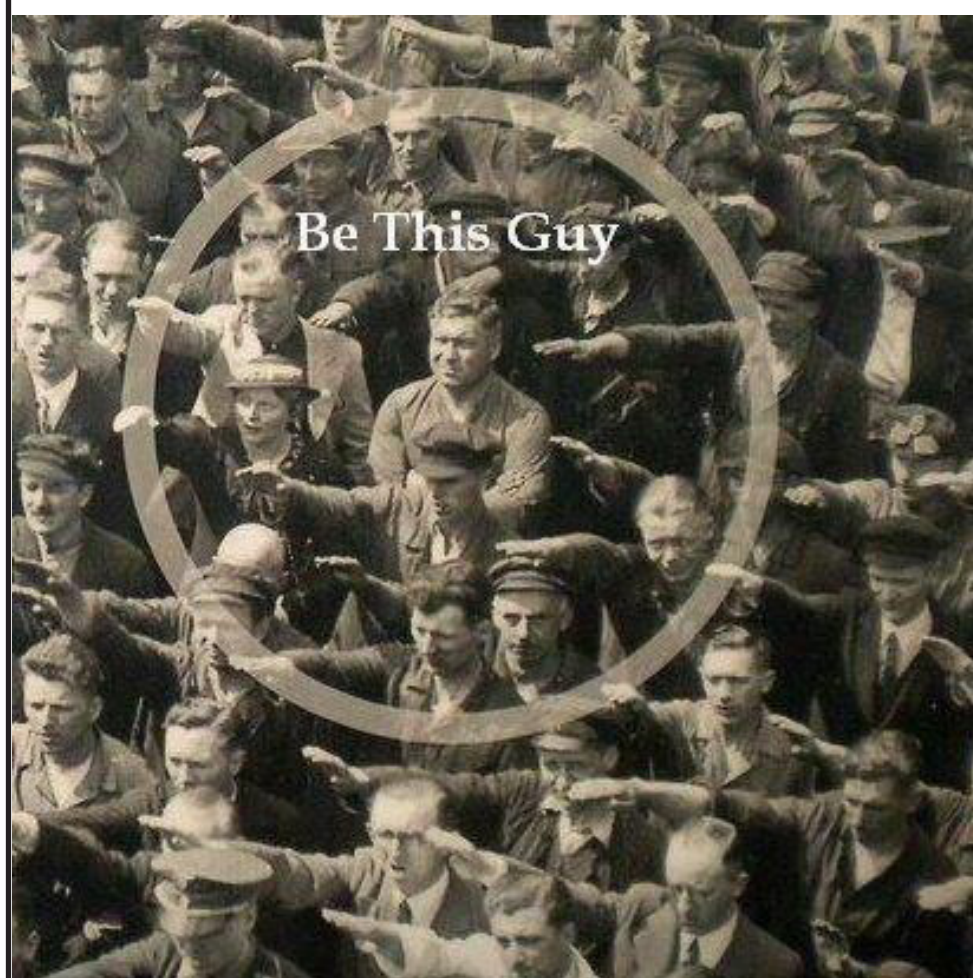
- Many conservative Baptists oppose gambling, alcohol, tobacco, and some prohibit dancing and movies.

- In areas where Southern Baptists form a majority of the population, the denomination has been successful in imposing its values on the general population, creating “dry counties” where abstinence is observed and sometimes even dancing is forbidden.

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## When it comes to the Masonic notion that all religions are good...



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## The New Mass 101...

# Is the Novus Ordo an Unworthy Sacrifice to God?

By Toni McCarthy

In his homily message on January 18, 2016, Pope Francis sharply criticized traditional Catholics, calling them, among other things, Christians who have hearts closed to the surprises of the Holy Spirit and rebels who practice the sin of divination; insults which have already been widely discussed on the internet.

Wishing to lend credence to these accusations, the Pope used the day's scripture readings to illustrate his point, including a particular story about King Saul, which can be found in the book of 1 Kings chapter 15 (Douay Rheims version).

While Francis obviously misinterpreted the passage, the true interpretation, as explained very clearly within the scripture, contains an important message for all Catholics who wish to seek God's truth and God's will during a particularly confusing time in Church history. In my mind, the correct interpretation of the passage helps illustrate why the Traditional Latin Mass (according to the 1962 missal), relegated to the "extraordinary form" so many years ago by the Church hierarchy, is so important, and why it is necessary now perhaps more than ever that it be celebrated and made available on a regular basis to all Catholics.

In Chapter 15 of 1 Kings, God commanded Saul through the prophet Samuel to rise up against the tribe Amalec and destroy both the people and all that belonged to them. He was clearly instructed to neither spare nor covet anything, but rather, to slay "both man and woman, child and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." Saul obeyed the Lord by attacking and overcoming Amalec, but he did not destroy everything as commanded. Rather, he kept the king alive, and gathered up the best of the flocks and herds, garments, and "all that was beautiful." Everything that was "vile and good for nothing", he destroyed.

To add to this rebellion, Saul then further insulted God by sacrificing some of these forbidden treasures to the Lord. When confronted by Samuel, Saul blamed the people, stating they wanted to "spare the best of the sheep and the herds" in order to sacrifice them to the Lord.

Note first of all, that as the scripture specifies that "some" of the spoils were sacrificed, the rest were obviously kept for the enjoyment and further enrichment of Saul. Secondly, the passage does not specify whether or not the people had knowledge regarding God's instructions to Saul, and yet Saul, proving himself to be a hireling rather than a shepherd, attempted to blame them for the incident. Last and most importantly, one must note that Saul offered an inferior religious act, clearly unacceptable to God in an attempt to excuse his disobedience to God's command. Thus the people participated in an act that was abominable to the Lord, quite probably in ignorance, out of faithful obedience to a leader who chose to ignore the sin for the purpose of his own worldly gain. Like the false shepherds who feed themselves instead



King Saul, forerunner to Annibale Bugnini--Father of the New Mass?

of the flock (Eze 34:2), like the false shepherds who say "Blessed be the Lord, we are become rich," and spare not the flock (Zec 11:5).

As an adult convert to Catholicism, I was not familiar with the Traditional Latin Mass (TLM), and knew nothing about the change imposed upon the faithful with the advent of the Novus Ordo Mass (NOM). The first time my family and I attended the monthly TLM at our (fairly conservative) Novus Ordo parish, I didn't understand a word of Latin (although I very much enjoyed the Gregorian chant, as did my family).

Nonetheless, I was astounded upon reading the English translation of the liturgy. What a difference! How beautiful! This Mass was clearly about a humble, contrite people, all sinners, giving thanks to the God who created them and who loves them so much.

Having read the liturgy, it now seems most plausible that the NOM, so different in tone, has been instrumental in weakening the bond between God and the faithful. This seems logical, as the emphasis placed on the meaning of the Mass has shifted from the great sacrifice of the Lamb of God to a memorial of (the last supper) meal. I believe that this change in emphasis and tone has actually encouraged the faithful to become more dependent on the world, in direct contradiction to Christ's own will which He expressed so eloquently in the gospels, especially in the gospel of St. John, Chapter 17.

How could one even begin to praise the glories of the "Mass of all time?" It begins with Psalm 42, which reminds us of our need for God, and tells of His devotion and intimate care for His people: Although enemies surround us, even though we may face grave peril and persecution in this world, we need not be disturbed; the "light of truth" has brought us here, to the altar of God. And then from Psalm 120: "Our help comes from the Lord who made heaven and earth."

Throughout the Mass it is made

abundantly clear that the sacrifice is Jesus Christ Himself, the "spotless host", the "holy sacrifice", the "Victim without blemish." How can we be but humbled by this reminder. We must recall we are unworthy sinners. When the priest asks God to cleanse his heart and lips, to purify him that he may be made worthy to announce the holy gospel, we are again in awe, being reminded of our distinct and undeserved privilege. For many ears have not been opened to receive the message of Christ's peace into their lives.

In addition, within the liturgy of the Mass, we are reminded of the communion of saints whose prayers and intercession help us stand strong in faith during this difficult life, as they once did as well, resisting sin and the desire for worldly pleasures which strengthened them to persevere in times of trial. Even trial that led to martyrdom. And after the sacrifice of the Mass, we are treated to the last gospel reading—the same each Sunday—the glorious treatise by St. John regarding the greatness of God and the wonders of His gift to mankind (Jn 1:1-14): "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God...by Him all things were made...In Him was life and the life was the light of men... those who receive Him were given great power to become sons of God, those who believe in His name...And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (as we all genuflect) and we saw His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

In light of this beautiful, reverent liturgy, the question is simple: How will the faithful, who, by the words of Jesus all sleep while waiting for the return of the bridegroom, come to understand the great glory of God and His promise of eternal life which (at best) we comprehend only dimly, given that our day to day lives occur in this sinful world? We cannot comprehend the promise and stand firm in the faith unless, when we come before the altar of God for the holy sacrifice of the Mass, we are reminded of God's glory, God's sacrifice, our unworthiness, and God's love. This is our greatest strength, our greatest prayer, our greatest grace.

The change of tone in the NOM is indeed substantial. Consider the great miracle of transubstantiation as it occurs in the canon of the TLM: The priest "humbly prays to the Father through Jesus", asking that He receive and bless these "holy, unspotted sacrifices" which he offers up to God first for the Catholic Church, requesting that He grant her peace (Christ's peace, not as the world gives) to guard, unite, and guide her throughout the world, and then also for the Pope, bishop, and "for all who are orthodox in belief and who profess the Catholic and apostolic faith". In the prayers regarding the sacrifice woven throughout the TLM it is made clear that the sacrifice is offered to atone for the countless sins of the entire body, both living and dead, and it is requested that the sacrifice (described as offered to God out of **the gifts He has bestowed upon us**) bring honor to the saints and salvation to the Church on earth.

In the NOM, no mention is made regarding the reason for the offering, as if it is unnecessary to beseech God to help and guide His people. The sins of the faithful are mentioned only once, near the beginning with the "I confess", if it is used. The gifts are our offering to God; no humble acknowledgement that everything we have comes from Him. The need to have Jesus, the Victim and Priest atone for our sins is also not mentioned. It is called, in one common version, simply, the "sacrifice of our reconciliation." In the other common version, it is not mentioned at all.

Another very serious problem with the NOM is that it contains erroneous statements; concepts that directly contradict scriptural concepts. Here is an example of four such statements, followed by the scriptural definitions of the concepts:

1. "It is our salvation to give thanks to the Father". St. Paul teaches us that "Our salvation is in Christ Jesus" (2Ti 2:10). It must be worked out with fear and trembling, for God works in us to accomplish it according to His good will (Php 2:12-13).

2. *God makes all things holy.* Scripture is clear that only some people are (or will become) holy. Of the four examples of the sowing of seed that Jesus teaches in the parable of the sower, only one part brings forth fruit (Mt 13:3-23). The prophet Isaiah speaks of the "sons of the sorceress, the seed of the adulterer" calling them further, "wicked children" and "a false seed" (Is 57:3-5), and Jesus tells the Jews who do not hear or believe in His words that they are not of the seed of Abraham, rather, they are of their father the devil, who is a liar and the father thereof (Jn 8:43-44).

3. *God is asked to advance the peace and salvation of all the world.* Yet regarding those who would deny Him, Christ warned that He came not to bring peace, but a sword (Mt

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10:32). When the heavenly army appeared before the shepherds to announce the birth of Christ, they proclaimed "peace to men of good will" (Lu 2:13-14). Finally, Jesus tells His disciples that the peace He leaves with them is not the peace of the world (Jn 14:27).

4. *God gathers a people so that a pure sacrifice may be offered in His name.* What does this sentence mean? According to St. Paul, **the sacrifice is Jesus Christ.** "Holy, innocent, undefiled, separated from sinners and made higher than the heavens (Heb 7:26-27). And again, St. Paul proclaims, Jesus Christ appeared for the destruction of sin, by the sacrifice of Himself (Heb 9:26).

This last example shows my first reaction to the statement. However, as the actual text of the Eucharistic Prayer uses the phrase "from the rising of the sun unto its setting", my parish priest pointed out that the mentioned "sacrifice" is actually taken from a prophecy by Malachias:

From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation: for My name is great among the Gentiles. (Mal 1:11)

As this passage therefore does prefigure the sacrifice of the Mass with Christ as the Victim, it is unclear how this promise of favor means we are automatically God's chosen people simply by virtue of showing up for Mass, as the phrase in the Eucharistic Prayer would seem to suggest. While this is obviously an important omission, it is especially so in light of the context of Malachias' prophecy. God is angry with the Israelites because they have brought Him an inferior sacrifice; the "rapine, the lame and the sick". They have not brought Him His portion from the best of their flocks, in humble and thankful acknowledgement of His love and great blessing. By the words of the phrase, the

congregation may not understand that the mentioned "sacrifice" refers to Christ Jesus. But even if they do, they are not told that they must show their love for God by turning from sin and following His commandments in order to make an acceptable offering.

Finally, there is the change in the wording of the consecration itself, which was originally eat (and drink) all of **this**. The statement is changed in the NOM to eat (and drink) all of **you**. Jesus never specified the words "all of you", even though only He and His faithful apostles were celebrating the feast. The effect this new wording could have on the congregation is seriously problematic, as the spirit of humility brought forth in the TLM is replaced by a spirit of entitlement: All should (or may) eat and drink. This is a dangerous concept, for as St. Paul warned, "he who eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation unto himself". This issue of entitlement replacing humility also occurs in the NOM when the priest prays "May we **merit** to be co-heirs of eternal life." Consider the difference in tone, and the outcome of the TLM version. The priest prays that God might grant the faithful "some share" in the fellowship of the saints-- **weighing not our merits** but granting us pardon. This is scriptural. We are saved by God's grace when we sincerely attempt to live by his commandments. We do not merit our salvation. Overall, the NOM focuses much more attention on communion with the congregation instead of the humble and reverent worship of God. In the NOM, we are the "body of Christ", stated as fact like the Protestants who believe in salvation by a simple statement of belief with no distinction regarding one's current state of grace (and very rarely are the faithful reminded from the pulpit that they must turn from sin).

By now, the NOM has been celebrated in most Catholic Churches for more than 40 years. The faithful still come to worship God. The more devout still believe in the Real Presence. But the meaning of our relationship with God has been obscured by this liturgy. How could this

Mass be as pleasing to God as the TLM, and isn't pleasing God the point of our worship? In some of the more "modern" or "liberal" parishes, believers are actually taught to focus on communion with each other instead of the worship of God. When priests (and seemingly, much of the current Church hierarchy) teach the "we are the church" liberation theology, or any form of relativism as pertains to the holy scriptures, they behave in a manner reminiscent of St. Peter's description of the false prophets who would arise within the Church, (2Pet 2:14) "Having eyes full of adultery and sin that ceases not", "alluring unstable souls". All this to promote their own interest in worldly gain. And when this the solemn, holy Mass is turned into a mere meeting of friends, the people are led away from the truth, and the Lord becomes a stumbling block and a rock of offense. They are taught to participate in an inferior sacrifice, perhaps without their knowledge, just like the Israelites participated in the sacrifice instigated by King Saul.

In Salem, Oregon, capitol of one of the most liberal and thus morally destructive states in the union, the TLM is currently available only once per month at 6:45 a.m. at St. Joseph Catholic Church. Despite the early hour, many people attend, even coming from out of town to celebrate this most beautiful and reverent liturgy. As the Church, under the direction of Pope Paul VI, made the decision to change with the times by imposing the NOM, the resulting man-centered world view adopted by many Catholics has damaged their

understanding of how to effect positive change in the secular environment. For many good and sincere Catholics work diligently and tirelessly to fight the evils of the culture of death, the re-definition of marriage and other pertinent issues. Yet without the understanding of relationship with God that comes through the TLM, they are left without proper armor and weapons for fighting the battle. Many have forgotten that change for good in society can occur only by the power of God when a humble and contrite people--a people willing to reject sin for the love of the commandments of God--offer up prayers and penance. We must remember and believe as absolute truth, that it was God Almighty who parted the Red Sea, who made the walls of Jericho fall down, who gave victory in battle to the lowly many times against tremendous odds, who felled the giant Goliath, and who offers salvation through the precious body and blood of His Son our Lord Jesus Christ. "Our help comes from the Lord, who made heaven and earth".

"**Convert us** Lord, let us see your face and we shall be saved." This is a fact forgotten by the world in a day when God seems far away. But Catholics above all others need to know and believe and understand. We cannot be like the world because we are to be the light of the world which the darkness cannot comprehend. In order to become what God wants us to be, we need at least the option of attending the Traditional Latin Mass regularly. We need to be reminded of what it really means to be good Christians. ■

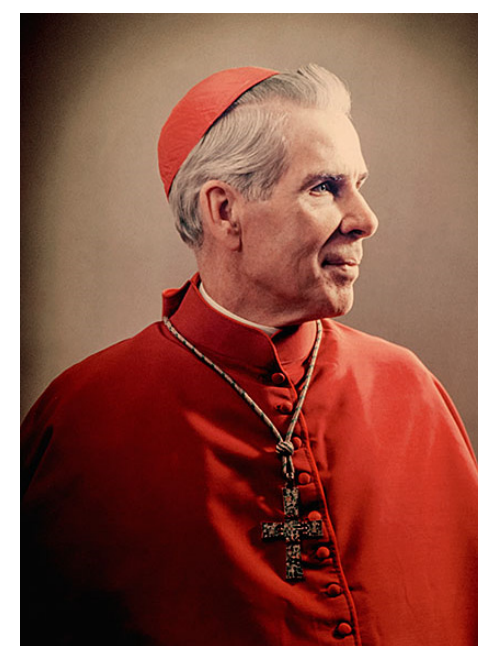
## Archbishop Fulton Sheen on the End of Christendom

"The world in which we live is the battleground of the Church. I believe that we are now living at the end of Christendom. It is the end of Christendom, but not of Christianity. What is Christendom? Christendom is the political, economic, moral, social, legal life of a nation as inspired by the gospel ethic. That is finished.

Abortion, the breakdown of the family life, dishonesty, even the natural virtues upon which the supernatural virtues were based, are being discredited. Christianity is not at the end. But we are at the end of Christendom. And I believe the sooner we face up to this fact, the sooner we will be able to solve many of our problems.

Thirty or forty years ago, it was very easy to be a Christian. The very air we breathed was Christian. Bicycles could be left on the front lawns; doors could be left unlocked. Suddenly, all this has changed; now we have to affirm our faith. We live in a world that challenges us. And many fall away.

Dead bodies float downstream; it takes live bodies to resist the current. And this is our summons. We will have to begin



a different church. We are for a moment on a trapeze. We are in between the death of an old civilization and culture and the swing to the beginning of the new.

These are the times in which we live. They are therefore wonderful days; marvelous; we should thank God that we live in times like this."

~ Archbishop Fulton Sheen, 1974



Pope Paul VI, Annibale Bugnini--Did these architects of the Novus Ordo break a covenant with Almighty God?



# On Popes and Cardinal Pecksniffs

By Christopher D. Murphy

Seeing the world through the lens of Charles Dickens is quite conducive to sanity. In almost every circumstance of life, there is an event or character from his books that can serve as a clarifying parallel. The characters he created seem to be caricatures rather than real people, but it is this very exaggeration of faults and virtues which provides a touchstone by which to judge the world in which we live. One such Dickensian character is that of Pecksniff from *Martin Chuzzlewitt*.

Pecksniff is an architect of no skill or talent whatsoever, whose one success in the book comes from stealing someone else's design. Pecksniff carries himself with an air that only appears to radiate goodness to himself and his sycophant daughters. He thinks his self-serving is charity, his grasping subservience to be humility, and his greed to be nothing but love for his fellow men. In the end, the only one fooled by Pecksniff is Pecksniff.

Throughout the novel, the self-righteous subservience of Pecksniff offends everyone who encounters it, including the reader, and there seems to be no limit to what he will accomplish to satisfy his greed and lusts. The novel ends with Pecksniff being exposed as a fraud and ruined, not being able to see that he is the cause of his own demise, and while the reader rejoices to see justice take place, Pecksniff is pitied because he cannot see reality, because he is insane, because he will suffer without knowing the real reason behind it.

Unfortunately, individuals who are blind to reality do not only appear in the pages of literature; rather we encounter them quite frequently. We see them in the news, at work, and sometimes even our families. They all have the same thing in common with Pecksniff; they cannot see reality, and suffering seems unable to open their eyes.

For the last fifty years, the Catholic Church has been suffering from a similar situation: many of her leaders and theologians cannot see reality, and what they cannot see is truth illuminated by the light of the faith.

Frank Sheed explains this very problem in his book, *Theology and Sanity*. "Seeing God everywhere and all things upheld by Him is not a matter of sanctity, but of plain sanity, because God is everywhere and all things are upheld by Him ... To overlook God's presence is not simply to be irreligious; it is a kind of insanity, like overlooking anything else that is actually there."<sup>1</sup>

The many controversial comments of our present Holy Father seem to give evidence of this lack of theological sanity: speculating that atheists can go the heaven, indicating that contraception can be permitted under certain circumstances, allowing for the divorced and remarried to receive Communion, and even claiming that Jesus, the Son of God, would have had to ask forgiveness from Mary and Joseph after He left them for three days to teach in the Temple.

These theological pronouncements are not in alignment with reality, and if the Holy Father does think these things to be true, then he does not see reality as it is.

The reality is that which Sheed indicated above, that "God is everywhere and all things are upheld by Him." God is objectively real; His will is objectively real; and even the separation that man can place between himself and God is also objectively real. Mankind is absolutely dependent on God, so much so, that if anybody rejects God, he cannot participate in God. This is objective reality, and this is why atheists cannot go to heaven, why divorced and remarried couples cannot receive Communion, why contraception is not permitted for any reason whatsoever. This is also why Jesus did not have to apologize to Mary and Joseph. He is God, and Mary and Joseph were subject to His will, His intellect, His power. God never has to apologize to them; nor does He have to accommodate Himself to us and treat adultery as if it was of no consequence. He is God, and all that He does is good because He is goodness itself. Consequently, all His actions and laws are for our own good.

Many prelates, the Holy Father included, participate in this blindness to reality, and the remonstrations of good bishops and faithful do not lift that veil of blindness. These prelates exude an air of oily goodwill toward their fellow man, deceiving only themselves and their sycophants. This implacable blindness can be cured, but only if we know the source. What, then, has brought about the theological blindness of our Church leaders?

A loss of faith. Not that one can say that the members of the hierarchy have necessarily lost the infused virtue of faith, but that the virtue was not properly cultivated and informed. Frank Sheed, in the same work listed above, says that there are two parts to faith. One part is that gift from God by which we believe whatever it is that He has revealed because He is the one revealing it. This acceptance, though, is not knowledge which is the second part of the virtue of faith. God gives the soul the power to believe, but it is up to the soul to learn what must be believed, and if one is not taught the truth, one could very well be deceived in what he believes. The Holy Father and the theologians who are destroying the fabric of the Church are missing this second aspect of the faith. Their knowledge of the faith is corrupt. They are blind because they do not know, and because they think they know, their blindness is implacable.

This is what has been evidenced by the theologians for the last fifty years – a willingness to believe, but an almost incurable blindness as to the reality that must be believed. In many ways, the Second Vatican Council has given us a Church guided by Pecksniffs, not one of whom can see the truth about God, about themselves, and about the effect they are having on countless souls.

The crisis of today (the fact that a man of such dubious theology was elected

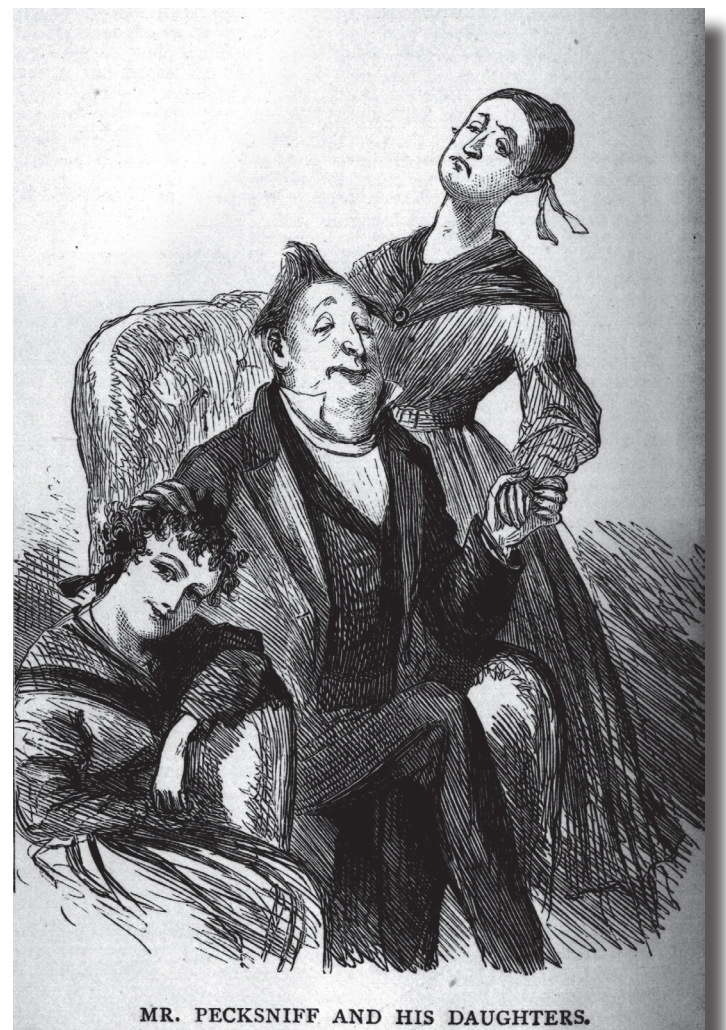
pope indicates the depth of this crisis) is not merely one of discipline or philosophy. It, at its core, is a crisis of faith because the faith is not known, and those who should know it, do not recognize it when they encounter it. The Church suffers as a result, and will continue to suffer until theology is restored.

There is a way out of this blindness, though, but it is not easy. To illustrate this point, Dickens shows us two characters in *Martin Chuzzlewitt* who were deceived by Pecksniff but came to realize the truth regarding his character: his daughter Merry and Tom Pinch. Merry learned by suffering through an abusive marriage, and Tom Pinch learned through the suffering of someone he loved. Charles Dickens seems to make the claim that suffering is the only possible means of curing this insanity. Pecksniff, however, does not learn. Suffering does not pierce the veil his pride has constructed, and it may be that it is impossible for him to suffer enough to bring about his intellectual cure.

The fragment of the Third Secret of Fatima revealed in 2000 shows that suffering is coming to the Church, and even to the pope. Sister Lucy describes seeing a war torn city, the bodies of clergy, and a suffering pope eventually being executed himself. But will this suffering be enough? Or will Pope Francis, if he is the "bishop in white" described by Sister Lucy, along with his bishops be like so many Pecksniffs, blind to reality and never coming to see the cosmos as the Church sees it? If the later situation is what develops, then they are to be pitied, for their suffering will be without result, and in a certain sense, they will be suffering needlessly.

Thus the more we hear about the dubious statements of the pope and bishops, the more faithful Catholics need to pray and do penance. The power of prayer and grace cannot be forgotten, and the prayer of faithful Catholics will accomplish more than anger, bitterness, and polemics. But much prayer will be required. A single person suffering from intellectual and spiritual blindness might not be able to handle the amount of suffering required to restore sanity, but all of us, through the wonderful association of the Communion of the Saints, can suffer together the required degree.

Our Lady of Fatima said that many go to hell because there was no one to pray for them. She not only exhorted the three children to do penance for sinners, but



MR. PECKSNIFF AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

requested that we do so as well. How well has her request of the Five First Saturdays been heeded? What about the daily rosary? The faithful fulfillment of our duties of state? These things are given to us as means of fulfilling the plea of the Mother of God to pray for sinners. Our prayers, then, can be used by Our Lady for saving souls, and since she asked us to pray for the pope, can we not think that she is waiting for us to pray so she can apply their fruits to the Holy Father?

One of the most noble characters in *Martin Chuzzlewitt* is a very simple man called Mark Tapley. He goes through life seeking difficult circumstances to see if he can still be jolly. Thus he is one of the most selfless individuals to appear in the pages of English literature. He rejoices in other's joys, and comforts those who suffer. Through his selfless care of young Martin Chuzzlewitt, he was able to lead Martin out of his self-centered indignation toward his uncle. Martin is cured of his blindness through the sacrifices of Mark.

This is our calling. We are called by Our Lady of Fatima to be as so many Mark Tapleys, working for the cure of the Pecksniffs that are in the Church. Even though a study of the crisis in the Church and instructing others in the nature of the crisis are good and wholesome things, self-centered indignation is of no benefit for the Church and our souls; it is even a form of blindness. Rather than indignation, which will do nothing to help bring about the conversion of the pope, let us pray and do penance. The more we do that, the more we hasten the victory of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Let us pray for our Holy Father Francis. May the Lord preserve him and give him life and make him blessed upon the earth and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies. ■

<sup>1</sup> Sheed, Frank. *Theology and Sanity*. Sheed & Ward, New York, 1960 p. 6



# Jam Lucis Orto Sídere<sup>1</sup> An Imagining

By Timothy J Cullen

Light and warmth come quickly after the autumn sunrise in a small hamlet in central Argentina. Night is fast forgotten as the sky clarifies, leaves begin to shimmer, animals become active and the dew dissipates. The Angelus bell sounded quite some time before, rung by hand by an aging sexton who came to this somewhat isolated area with his family some 15 years earlier in 2031 A.D., the year after the Spain- Morocco open borders treaty went into effect. That was the year in which the Muslims swept the town council elections and ironically-named Santiago's parents had urged him to emigrate for the sake of the children, then adolescents. Spain had not prospered in the years since the break-up of the EU; in fact, for all practical purposes, Spain itself had broken up.

The world, in a way, had broken up, divided between urban and rural. The great megalopoli maintained nominal control over the hinterlands, but the reality was that over-extended bureaucracies could barely control their ever-restive hordes, never mind maintain proconsuls to supervise scattered rural villages in the "outbacks" of the respective power centers: Houston, the center of the petroleum industry in the West; Beijing, the center of the expanded Chinese empire; Moscow and Constantinople, the centers of the Russian sphere of influence and bulwark against further Muslim encroachment and Chinese expansion; al-Qāhīrah ("the Defeater", formerly Cairo), the seat of world political Islam since the catastrophic nuclear Mideast Wars of 2035 annihilated central and western Iran, the entire Persian Gulf region, Israel and the Arabian peninsula, eastern Turkey and outlying areas laid waste and rendered uninhabitable by lingering radiation problems. And, of course, there was San Pablo/São Paulo, the principal city of his own South American continent, but far away in the more localized and remote world of rural dwellers among whom were many more immigrants from the northern hemisphere—Europe, North America and Japan—than had been the case since the end of the Second World War.

The war had not gone global, God be thanked, but the disruption and chaos of its aftermath *had been* global and had brought about the first on-line papal conclave. The pope and the heads of the world's "major" religions had been gathered at the Jerusalem headquarters of the "League of Faith", the religious equivalent of the U.N., when the bombs fell. Rome had fallen to Caliphate forces, so the Vatican-In-Exile was established in Asunción, Paraguay (the "Mother of Cities") and the physically fragmented Church elected Iñaki Cardinal Elizondo of Chile, a chastened churchman who became Pope Athanasius I, calling the Church back to pre-Conciliar orthodoxy, penance and a return to the old ways, the ways of the Church immemorial. It would be, he knew, a labor that would likely outlast his papacy, a labor of generations, but the Church had all the time in the world for as long as the world remained.

Less of the habitable world remained

<sup>1</sup> "Now that the star of light has risen" (Morning Hymn—Brev. St. Ambrose)

following the war, and there were large parts of it outside the orbit of the Church, but in the fullness of time, missionaries would go forth to evangelize the pagan lands once more. The Potemkin village façade of the secularists' material utopia had been razed to the ground by social and economic disruption, laying bare the spiritual vacuum that could no longer be disguised. The religious renaissance had begun with a vengeance, but secularism was still the norm in the dictatorially controlled megalopoli. Outside *their* orbit, however, the rediscovered Church of yore was the magnet and nexus for the widely scattered and somewhat isolated communities of those who rejected the termite-mound life of the "developed" zones.

The small chapel had been standing room only every morning for years now. Immigrant families now nearly outnumbered the "heritage" families, each group still easily distinguishable by physical characteristics. Everyone spoke Spanish, of course, a goodly number as a second language; the heritage folk were by and large not good linguists and believed the newcomer had the responsibility of learning *their* language up to and including their difficult dialect. There were no laws mandating that, of course; "law" was these days largely an urban construct. For rural people, custom, tradition, handshakes, a small town-meeting style set of community norms was sufficient. Underlying this was the tacit consensus that God was the Chief Justice of the Court of Last Resort and the local magistrate more of a mediator than anything else: disputes were few in any case.

Far from the village, some 645 miles (1150+ km), Pope Athanasius was preparing to celebrate morning Mass at the Metropolitan Cathedral of Asunción; the new St. Peter's Basilica of the Vatican-in-Exile was still under construction. Even within South America, travel to Asunción was highly problematic, given the breakdown of air and highway travel following the far-away war and its disruptive aftermath. Many of the attendees were not native Spanish speakers, but given that the Mass was once again celebrated in Latin, the renewed "universal language" of Christendom, no one felt "excluded". "Exclusion" was the stated concern but the actuality of the state of affairs in the secular bureaucracies of the megalopoli-colonized zones marginalized from the relative material prosperity and strict regimentation of the more submissive centers, however small, of the dictatorially regimes intent on expansion.

New monastic orders had sprung up in the hinterlands, replacing the older orders co-opted by the now discredited Novus Ordo Church that had so dismally failed the faithful. Pope Athanasius actively promoted and supported them as possible, considering how limited resources were. Nevertheless, "resources" were of little importance to those who made up the new orders, monks and nuns who joyfully accepted the austerities of the Benedictines, the Minims, the Cistercians, the Carthusians of yore, providing an example for those whose faith was strong but whose day to day lives were already defined by material austerity that in a previous



Carthusians  
in the past,  
Carthusians  
in the  
future.

generation would have placed them among the poorest of the poor. What they'd lost in material well-being, however, was more than compensated by their gain in their understanding of the true *transcendent* purpose of their lives along with those of their loved ones. Subsistence had proven good enough and subsidiarity more than adequate to provide an acceptable passage through the vale of tears that is the battleground of humankind's pilgrimage toward redemption.

Two young men—one of French ancestry, the other of Criollo—from the village were at distant monasteries: Jacques with the renovated Carthusians whose Charterhouse was high in the Andes; Alejo at a new Oblates of St. Francis de Sales house in the far north, the second establishment of the Order's expansion into Argentina. Jacques was a contemplative, Alejo a teaching missionary working with backward ultra-rural groups. Both were greatly missed in the village, and not just by their families: both were pretty good football players and active in the annual cavalcade across the sierra as well as in church activities. This year young Catarina—the first girl from the village with a vocation—was going off to a convent. Yes, it was a new day for the Church in the West.

The sun rose on the villagers, on Pope Athanasius and on all the faithful far and wide in a world still struggling to come to terms with the chastisement that had fallen on so many. If only it had ended with the war, but such was not the case. While by rights, vengeance is of the Lord, but far too many believed otherwise and thanks to decades of secular materialist indoctrination and indiscriminate population movements, areas outside the conflict zone had been the scenes of horrific wholesale slaughter among conflicting groups. Thankfully, the violence had abated by the year 2046, A.D., but its effects would linger for many years to come. The resurgent Church was doing all in its power to unite the remaining lost souls under the aegis of the Church, but to expect all to see the light was no easy task, in spite of what should have been obvious to those whose object of adoration remained themselves and those like them. The sun, however, had risen, and would rise higher still; one hoped that one day they would see this for themselves. Until that day, the work continued and would continue for so long as even one soul was still lost in the wilderness of the spirit.

It was all so clear, really: humankind

had fallen prey to hubris, which is of the devil, and only reliance on God could rescue His fallen creatures. No theologian was necessary to point this out to those with eyes to see, but until the spiritually blind experienced the scales falling from their eyes, the Church had evangelical labor ahead. Happily, more and more were willing to take up that cross and bring the chastened world back into equilibrium through conversion.

This mission, of course, was not to the liking of the powers of the metropoli, and even less the ongoing "defections" of urban denizens who *had* seen the light. The Catholic Faith and the culture that derived therefrom were slowly but surely reconstructing a Western civilization like that of the nascent Europe of a millennium and more in the past as more and more accepted material austerity as a prerequisite for spiritual prosperity and the promise of attaining the Beatific Vision instead of "a chicken in every pot"<sup>1</sup> was far more appealing, particularly when one took into consideration that in the staunchly Catholic rural zones, nearly everyone raised their own chickens and had learned avian husbandry well enough that "intensive animal farming"<sup>2</sup> along with monoculture<sup>3</sup> in general had long since ceased to be practical, never mind desirable. The Catholics of the hinterlands knew full well what was desirable in terms of a life well lived, and it had precious little to do with stuffing one's face with denatured animal flesh and its byproducts; food was food, what one had grown oneself the best food to sustain the flesh, but what fed the soul was a small wafer received on one's knees after repentance and absolution of one's sins and many had come to understand the truth of that.

Those who did receive the Sacrament with gratitude and joy, knowing without doubt that whatever material hardship might befall them for however long, in the words of an old poetic citation often declaimed by an older Irish immigrant: "God's in His heaven—All's right with the world".<sup>4</sup> And so it was, so it was. The morning star had risen in the sky once more, both in the mundane and spiritual sense.

Repentance, gratitude for forgiveness, joy in the State of Grace newly renewed... What more could one ask?

Light was displacing darkness and that was more than enough. ■

<sup>1</sup> <http://www.culinarylore.com/food-history/did-hoover-say-a-chicken-in-every-pot>  
<sup>2</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Intensive\\_animal\\_farming](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Intensive_animal_farming)  
<sup>3</sup> <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Monoculture>  
<sup>4</sup> <http://www.bartleby.com/101/718.html>



# Scour the Horse Anew: An Analysis of G.K. Chesterton's Epic Poem "The Ballad of the White Horse"

By Avellina Balestri

For years, friends urged me to read *The Ballad of the White Horse* by G.K. Chesterton, which I proceeded to put on the back burner for far too long. It was the poem said to have been a major inspiration for J.R.R. Tolkien when he wrote *The Lord of the Rings*, and heralded as one of the last epic poems to be written in the English language. But all this had little effect on me. I knew Chesterton was one of those literary names that loomed large on any stage, and was the subject of posh intellectual conversations and scintillating sound-bite quotations. But having already read through some of his prose, I found it hard to relate to his writing style and felt detached from him as an historical figure. His poetry, I feared, would do little good for me.

I don't mean to be dismissive here. There is no doubt that Chesterton was among the Greatest Christian Thinkers of his age, and some would say in the history of Christendom, for his ability to bring freshness and flare to theological deliberation. He was one of those rare and wonderful Catholic converts who sprang up in England in the wake of the Oxford Movement of John Henry Newman, and was marvelously unafraid to proclaim it to the world. Among his distinguished round-about contemporaries were C.S. Lewis, J.R.R. Tolkien, and George MacDonald, just to name a few, all of whom shared similar beliefs and styles of expression.

All this having been said, Chesterton proved to be the hardest nut of the bunch for me to crack in a personal reader-to-writer-relationship context. It was difficult for me to warm up to him and take him into my heart, as much of his prose felt rather heady and academic, long-winded and disorienting, and even a bit cynical and grouchy at times. Some might say these are just the down-sides of "British style", and yet C.S. Lewis, who had the same penchant for paradox and dry witticism, comes off more fluid and readable; a style meant to reach out with warmth to the public at large, and not just an exclusive circle of Super-Nerds at Oxford U.

I have spoken to others who feel similar about Chesterton's prose style, especially in his biographical works, but they tend to be apprehensive about saying it forthrightly, less they be shunned by scholastic literary circles for lacking intelligence. Perhaps it is just a matter of taste and preference, as opposed to any sort of mental keenness or lack thereof. I have heard that one can better adapt to Chesterton over time, and perhaps I will be one of them. But for now, C.S. Lewis is still my main man from the "classic" group, and while I may relish a spangling of Chesterton snippet quotations, I am not quite ready to wade through actual volumes of his musings and meanderings.



G.K. Chesterton

But in spite of misgivings about a Chestertonian plunge, when I found myself with nothing better to do but finally read *The Ballad of the White Horse* by the light of a battery-operated lantern during the great black-out of February 2014, I was impressed by the epic scale and deeply Catholic resonance of the piece. While Chesterton failed to win me with his prosaic ramblings, he was winning me now with his delicious unraveling of poetic romance. Many have identified *The Ballad* as one of the last great epic poems to be written in English. Indeed, it does seem to draw the same breath of life as Beowulf, with a panoramic scope for the historical blended with the mythological. It breathes new life into both.

The main character is Alfred, the King of Wessex, who must battle the invading Pagan Vikings in order to save his kingdom and preserve Christianity in the land. But while Alfred may fit the stereotypical larger-than-life hero from mythology, he also has all the human complexity of real history, with a less-than-admirable past. Indeed, his youthful rowdiness and debauchery is reflected on in the poem, even as Alfred comes to terms with the fact that he must put himself right with God if he wants to truly embrace the sacramental understanding of Christian kingship.

At the gathering of the chiefs, he shows true sorrow for his past sins and laments: "I wronged a man to his slaying/And a woman to her shame/And once I looked on a sworn maid/That was wed to the Holy Name...People, if you have any prayers,/Say prayers for me/And lay me under a Christian stone/In that lost land I thought my own/To wait till the holy horn is blown/And all poor men are free." Indeed, like King David, it is this heart-felt repentance that makes Alfred the leader he is, for he learns to humble himself before God and seek his guidance and grace when rising to the challenge that is far beyond his own strength and abilities to accomplish. He must be transformed to become "the Great."

Through Alfred's experiences as a hunted vagrant in the marshes, disguised sometimes as a shepherd, sometimes as a minstrel, he is brought up close and personal with friends and enemies alike, and learns about his subjects from all walks of life and cultural backgrounds. Famously, in one peasant woman's cottage, he is asked to watch cakes baking on the hearth. When he forgets his task and lets the cakes burn, she promptly strikes him in the forehead with her brand! Although initially infuriated by this assault, he soon realizes it was well-deserved, and uses his "mark" to rally his men and illustrate the vital importance of humility: "Pride juggles with her toppling towers/They strike the sun and cease/But the firm feet of humility/They grip the ground like trees....He that hath failed in a little thing/Hath a sign upon the brow/And the Earls of the Great Army/Have no such seal to show."

Hence, it is Alfred's own flaws, and realization of those flaws, that are embodied in the "red star" on his forehead...and yet also make him a man worth following, in the fullness of his humanity and humility. He has his feet on the ground, and is not blinded by pride. In fact, he bears the mark of a peasant woman's wrath as a badge of honor, vows that "if the red star burn", he will strike back against the haughty foes that come against him, for the sake of that blow which he did not return. He then urges his men to follow him: "I call the muster of Wessex men/From grassy hamlet or ditch or den/To break and be broken, God knows when/But I have seen for whom...For I go gathering Christian men/From sunken paving and ford and fen/To die in a battle, God knows when/By God, but I know why."

Chesterton uses this opportunity to introduce a trio of leading characters who stand as symbols of the Saxon, Roman, and Celtic races: Eldred, Mark, and Colan, respectively. All three of them will fight under Alfred at Ethandune, and all three of them die for the cause. It is a fact that by the

9<sup>th</sup> century when Alfred fought for the throne, these racial differences would not have been as clear cut as depicted in the poem, but Chesterton summed up this period compression in his prologue: "It is the chief value of legend to mix up the centuries while preserving the sentiment; to see all ages in a sort of splendid foreshortening. That is the use of tradition: it telescopes history."

Some of the characterizations may seem rather prejudiced...especially with regards to the Colan the Celt, who is imbued with all the wild-eyed anger and broken-hearted cynicism that the English attributed to the ever-restless Irish. One famous line runs: "For the great Gales of Ireland/Are the Men that God made mad/For all their wars are merry/And all their songs are sad." This summary may be seen as profound or stereotypical, depending on the perspective. But still, the combination of Roman, Celt, and Saxon is meant as a symbolic device, demonstrating the complexity of the British identity, and Alfred's ability to bring together all factions under a common banner.

The Vikings, too, become symbolic of the enemies of Christianity throughout history, even though at the end of the poem, Alfred makes a prophecy that the Vikings, who at least fought like men, will be replaced by scholarly atheists who will say that life is meaningless, and turn the world upside-down through their teachings: "They shall come mild as monkish clerks/With many a scroll and pen/And backward shall ye turn and gaze/Desiring one of Alfred's days/When pagans still were men...By this sign you know them/That they ruin and make dark...By all men bond to Nothing/Being slaves without a lord..."

But still, in spite of all this, the Christian virtues of hope and perseverance, even when all seems lost, are celebrated. One stanza runs: "But you and all the kind of Christ/Are ignorant and brave/And you have wars you hardly win/And souls you hardly save." Christians are able to live by this seemingly absurd code, loving the unlovable, having faith in the unseen, and hoping through the darkest night. They may laugh in the face of evil, for they know that, in the end, death has already been conquered by the Victorious King.

Perhaps Christian gutsiness comes particularly naturally to the British, made manifest through their holy gallows humor. This sense of paradox and defiance is epitomized by the lines Alfred speaks to his Viking foes, disguised as a minstrel in their camp: "For our God hath blessed creation/Calling it good; I know/What spirit with you blindly band/Hath blessed destruction with his hand/Yet by God's death the stars shall stand/And small apples grow."

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## A Remnant Book Review...

# The Voices of Morebath: Reformation and Rebellion in An English Village

by Eamon Duffy

Reviewed by Vincent Chiarello

Few modern historians have been as productive and consequential as Eamon Duffy, who, among other titles, was Professor (now Emeritus) of Christianity at Cambridge University, and a Professor at the Gregorian (Jesuit) Pontifical University in Rome. He is the author of 11 books, some of which I have reviewed previously in *The Remnant*, and countless scholarly articles. **The Voices of Morebath** (2001) carries on Duffy's literary effort to reclaim a proper place for the Catholic Church in the history of England, a project he first began with **The Stripping of the Altars** (1992), in which he debunked the long standing historical claim that England's Catholic Church was moribund and ready for the religious revolution initiated by Henry VIII.

**Fires of Faith** (2009), described the five-year interlude between Henry's son Edward VI's efforts to foist Puritanical Protestantism on the English masses, including the profanation of Catholic churches, and the re-establishment of Catholic England under Mary Tudor until her death, and then the ascension to the throne of Elizabeth I. In interviews, Duffy has claimed that Mary's years were characterized by a brilliant campaign for English hearts and minds; a systematic intimidation of errant Protestants, and far more public support, even for the most brutal incidents sanctioned by the regime, than historians have ever credited. Had Mary not died, childless and prematurely, Duffy opines, England may well have returned to the fold.

But to make matters worse for the Catholic Church in England during this period, on the very day of Mary's death, the central religious figure in her reign also breathed his last. Reginald Cardinal Pole, who had lived almost twenty years in the Vatican after he fled his native England - he was nearly elected Pope - and had returned home to help his Queen (and cousin) fight her Protestant enemies, passed to his Heavenly reward. It was Pole who understood the importance of founding the English College in Rome, a seminary that would be as intellectually challenging as it was theologically orthodox, and would educate the priests who would carry out his agenda in the English Counter-Reformation. Pole also oversaw the appointment of 20 new bishops with proven pastoral and dogmatically sound records. It was Pole, too, who decided that, alongside the pamphlets and preaching that would disseminate the Catholic truth, there might be recourse to force.

But what of those parishioners who personally witnessed these turbulent times, and had to decide, or were told, which church to attend? Or those priests, first Catholic, then Anglican, then Catholic, then Anglican; what was their fate? **The Voices of Morebath** seeks to answer those questions, and therein lies a tale.

Prof. Duffy has centered his book around the life and times of "Sir" Christopher Trychay (pronounced "Trickey"), the parish priest, or vicar, of Morebath in the tumultuous years from his arrival in August, 1520, through his death in May, 1574. Duffy's use of the word "Sir," not "Father," to designate a Catholic priest, is not in error: it was the honorific way in which priests were addressed in this region during those tumultuous years. There is also no error in the computation of the dates: Sir Christopher Trychay was the parish priest in Morebath's church for over a half century, something impossible to imagine today, while presiding over baptisms, marriages, and deaths. Equally important, Sir Christopher, whom Duffy describes as "opinionated, eccentric and talkative" also kept a diary in the form of parish accounts, and it is those recorded events and incidents which form the basis of Prof. Duffy's book. Duffy adds: Sir Christopher's accounts of life in the parish are "packed with...the personality, opinions and prejudices of the most vivid country clergyman of the English 16th century, and with names and doings of his parishioners." Those "doings" included participation in the uprising against the Crown in 1549, precipitated by the forced re-introduction of the Protestant Book of Common Prayer, which left three thousand men dead, and the regions of both Devon and Cornwall traumatized.

If *The Remnant* reader were to ask, if only rhetorically, "Where's Morebath?" he would not be alone in inquiring; today, this small village, located in England's rain swept southwestern region of Devon, is still there, with a population of about 400 people. In Sir Christopher's time, there were 33 families living in this village, where shepherding was the major occupation. Duffy takes his reading audience on a trip describing the town as it existed nearly a half millennia ago, and what remains of that setting today... not much, to be sure. Sir Christopher's church, dedicated to the patron saint of the region, St. Sidwell, was restored in the 1870s, but in so doing, "...scraped away most of its history along with its 17th century plaster and 18th century woodwork." A lengthy description of the families and occupations of the residents of Morebath and the surrounding areas is also included, but it is the "incident" of Henry's break with Rome and its aftermath that form the central core of Duffy's tale.

When British General George Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, Virginia, on October 19, 1781, ending the American Revolutionary War (he did not attend but sent his second in command), the British band played "The World Turned Upside Down." Had there been a band in Morebath 247 years earlier, perhaps they, too, would have played the same, or a similar, tune, for on November 29, 1534, Tudor King Henry VIII, with the approval of Parliament, declared the king and his

successors, "...shall be taken, accepted and reputed the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England, called Anglicana Ecclesia." Over the next four decades, the Vicar of Morebath and his parishioners would be caught in the tiller of English religious strife. Duffy: "Generally speaking, the English laity seem to have taken the shredding of papal authority in their stride, something for princes and bishops to worry about." That perspective would change when Henry, using Thomas Cromwell acting as his "Vicerent in spirituals," began a policy directed toward the elimination of the Catholic Church in England, beginning with the total abolition of monastic life.

Two years later, citing the damage to the economy, Cromwell abolished all the holy days during the harvest period from the beginning of June to the end of September. In so doing, Cromwell, a layman, had eliminated both religious celebrations and regional festivals. Sir Christopher must have looked askance at this, but these changes triggered even greater dissatisfaction in England's north, where in October 1536, a protest called "Pilgrimage of Grace" began threatening the Crown's authority. Among the demands of the leaders of the rebellion were the restoration of the monasteries and a return of papal supremacy. Eventually the rebellion was quelled and its leaders executed; however, in Morebath and the surrounding Devon parishes, the clergy had "ignored most of the required changes telling Cromwell's representatives that they "should do as we have done in the times past, and live after the old fashion." That was not to be, as the King's Vicerent doubled down on the Vicar and parishioners of Morebath. Duffy: Two years later (1538), "...Morebath seems obediently and completely to have abandoned the active promotion of the cult of the saints, which had hitherto been the most striking feature of its devotional life..." and the following year now dutifully followed the "Injunctions," or the king's requirements, demanded of former Catholic churches. When King Henry VIII died in January 1547, Sir Christopher sang a Requiem Mass for the monarch. The Vicar of Morebath and his flock could now be rightfully listed as members of Anglicana Ecclesia. Little did he expect that Henry's death would give birth to "a charter for revolution."

Edward VI, the 9-year-old new King of England and Head of Anglicana Ecclesia, surrounded by evangelical and "ardent" Protestant advisers, now launched requirements aimed specifically to destroy any last vestige of traditional religion: all processions were banned, as were candles anywhere in the church except on the high altar; further, the removal of all images in churches was required. (Many in Morebath took them to their homes.) Also the church sheep, an important source of income in Morebath, were removed, leading

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Feminine intuition and spiritual power also play an important role in this poem. Even though all the main characters are male, the Blessed Virgin Mary makes several appearances in the poem, bringing a sense of reassurance to the combatants, and serving as a beacon in the darkness. Like Galadriel in *The Lord of the Rings*, she steels Alfred for the battle to come, even though she does not hide the dire nature of the situation: "I tell you naught for your comfort/ Yea, naught for your desire/Save that the sky grows darker yet/And the sea rises higher...Night shall be thrice night over you/And heaven an iron cope/Do you have joy without a cause/Yea, faith without a hope?"

Though terror hangs heavy as the day of reckoning draws near, Mary does not abandon Alfred to his fears, but reappears to him in the midst of battle, with seven swords in her heart and on in her hand: "One instant in a still light/He saw Our Lady then/Her dress was soft as the western sky/And she was a queen most womanly/But she was a queen of men." Her presence galvanizes Alfred to launch a final, desperate charge that turns the tide at Ethandune.

The White Horse on the hill is the main motif, a chalk etching against a grassy backdrop of Wiltshire, continually scoured by the English people so that it would not fade. It lends *The Ballad* a sense of place and rollicking rhythm, and is also a symbol of the vortex of the human experience both Pagan and Christian, and yet emphasizes the reason why Christianity is bound to outlive Paganism: "Ere the sad gods that made your gods/Saw their sad sunrise pass/The White Horse of the White Horse Vale/That you have left to darken and fail/Was cut out of the grass....Therefore your end is on you/Is on you and your kings/Not for the fire in Ely fen/Not that your gods are nine or ten/But because it is only Christian men/Guard even heathen things."

It also brings the themes of perseverance and vigilance to the fore. It is a sign of continuity for the people fighting for their freedom and religion, and it must be maintained by each passing generation if it is to be preserved. It is also the sign of some intangible sense of identity that can never be blotted out, come time and tide. This is immortalized in the famous lines: "And though skies alter and empires melt/This word shall still be true/If we would have the horse of old/Scour ye the horse anew."

This, perhaps, is one of Chesterton's most profound and timeless messages to the Christian world: Fight on, even though the days grow darker yet, and know that the Great Battle has already been won by Christ the King. Furthermore, for the Christian, there is no such thing as fickle fate, but something with much more rhyme and reason, the stuff that both history and mythology is made of. To quote the real King Alfred, in his addition to *Boethius*: "I say as do all Christian men, that it is a divine purpose that rules, and not fate."

And that, I believe, is a very heartening conviction. ■



# A Papal Ponzi Scheme

By Father Celatus

Most Americans probably know what a Ponzi scheme is from some very high profile cases of this form of fraud in recent years; unfortunately, many innocent people have been personally scammed and discovered too late how a Ponzi scheme works. The web-based Wikipedia describes a Ponzi scheme or a Ponzi as:

A fraudulent investment operation where the operator, an individual or organization, pays returns to its investors from new capital paid to the operators by new investors, rather than from profit earned through legitimate sources.

The other day a talk radio host made a comparison between Bernie Madoff and Bernie Sanders. Both Bernie's are Ponzi operators. Bernie Madoff ran a financial operation that scammed 50 billion dollars from investors, while Bernie Sanders is a socialist running for the DFL endorsement. As Bernie M used people's resources to fund his operation, so too Bernie S would use people's resources to fund his radical socialist programs. In both cases the Ponzi is bound to collapse as resources are exhausted.

The Last Word agrees with the radio host that a comparison can be made

between the two Bernie's, and we also agree with him that Pope Francis is a Ponzi operator as well. Not that the pontiff is engaged in a financial scam—though financial frauds are nothing new to the Vatican—but Francis is promoting an unsustainable redistribution system which is bound to collapse. Given the chance, Francis would radically redistribute the world's energy, its wealth, its resources and even its populations through immigration.

While this modernist pope and other progressives would have us believe that justice and charity demand that nations are obliged to welcome unconditionally massive waves of immigrants, traditional Catholic theology and Jewish Old Testament practice would argue otherwise. As Saint Thomas Aquinas wrote:

When any foreigners wished to be admitted entirely to [Jewish] fellowship and mode of worship... a certain order was observed. For they were not at once admitted to citizenship: just as it was law with some nations that no one was deemed a citizen except after two or three generations... The reason for this was that if foreigners were allowed to meddle with the affairs of a nation as soon as they settled down in its midst, many dangers might occur, since the foreigners not yet having the common

good firmly at heart might attempt something hurtful to the people. (Summa Theologica I-II, Q. 105, Art. 3).

Pope Ponzi Primus appears heedless of the reality that as presently practiced, legal and illegal immigration is redistributing not only people but also deadly diseases, crimes and violence, terrorists and anarchists, foreign cultures and languages as well as false religions. The end of all this will be the death of western civilization, the collapse of economies and infrastructures, and more persecution of Christianity. To make the point, consider this juxtaposition of pie-in-the-sky papal platitudes and immigration reality:

Francis: "A person who thinks only about building walls, wherever they may be, and not building bridges is not Christian."

Fox News: *Statistics show the estimated 11.7 million illegal immigrants in the U.S. account for 13.6 percent of all offenders sentenced for crimes committed in the U.S. Twelve percent of murder sentences, 20 percent of kidnapping sentences and 16 percent of drug trafficking sentences are meted out to illegal immigrants.*

Francis: "Often migration gives rise to suspicion and hostility, even in ecclesial communities, prior to any knowledge of the migrants' lives or their stories of persecution and destitution."

Wall Street Journal: *One of the assailants in the deadly attacks in the French capital entered Europe as a Syrian migrant, exposing gaps in the*

*continent's security as it copes with the biggest refugee crisis in decades. French investigators matched the remains of one of the suicide bombers who attacked France's main stadium to a Syrian passport used to enter Europe's free-travel area and apply for asylum.*

Francis: "The Church without frontiers, Mother to all, spreads throughout the world a culture of acceptance and solidarity, in which no one is seen as useless, out of place, or disposable."

Front Page Mag: *On New Year's Eve in Germany, around 1,000 Muslim migrants congregated by the city's main train station, where they sexually assaulted numerous women and gleefully defied police; one officer recounted that the attackers showed a lack of respect for the police "like I have never experienced in my 29 years of public service." An attacker crowed, "I'm a Syrian! You have to treat me kindly!"*

Francis: "Migrants and refugees are not pawns on the chessboard of humanity. They are children, women, and men who leave or are forced to leave their homes, who share a legitimate desire for knowing and having, but above all for being more."

Gatestone Institute: *Diseases are reappearing that have not been seen in Germany for years. Public health officials are now on the lookout for Crimean Congo hemorrhagic fever, diphtheria, Ebola, hepatitis, HIV/AIDS, malaria, measles, meningitis, mumps, polio, scabies, tetanus, tuberculosis, typhus and whooping cough. As refugee shelters fill to overflowing, doctors are on high alert for mass outbreaks.*

Francis: "Where is your brother? His blood cries out to me," says the Lord. This is not a question directed to others; it is a question directed to me, to you, to each of us. How often do such people fail to find understanding, fail to find acceptance, fail to find solidarity.

CNN: *Lampedusa used to be a tiny paradise atoll at the southernmost tip of Italy. But it had the misfortune of being close to Libya. Now it's a nightmare. You just have to switch on the TV to see that the island is in crisis as migrants land on a daily basis. The trouble is that not just Lampedusa, but the whole of Italy, is over brimming with so-called "boat people." We don't know where to put them.*

Francis: "Migrants trust that they will encounter acceptance, solidarity, and help, that they will meet people who will sympathize with their distress and tragedy, recognize the values and resources the latter have to offer, and are open to sharing humanly and materially with the needy and disadvantaged."

Human Events: *Sweden's third-largest city has become an outpost of the Middle East in Scandinavia: "The police now publicly admit what many Scandinavians have known for a long time: They no longer control the situation in the nation's third largest city. It is effectively ruled by violent gangs of Muslim immigrants. Ambulance personnel are attacked by stones or weapons, and refuse to help anybody in the area without police escort. The police themselves hesitate to enter parts of their own city unless they have several patrols, and need to have guards to watch their cars, otherwise they will be vandalized."*

Do not be deceived by the Redistribution scam of Francis of Rome; it is no more sustainable than the Ponzi scam of Bernie M but the ultimate ruin will far exceed the 50 billion that Madoff made off with. ■

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to a calamitous financial situation that engulfed the parish. These and other acts would bring a reaction by local communities: in neighboring Cornwall, a rebellion broke out, and for either direct or assumed participation, the local priest and ten other men were hanged. New outbreaks against the boy-king and his advisers were far more widespread: from Devon and Cornwall, violence followed in Oxfordshire, Yorkshire and Hampshire, "...where the banners of the Five Wounds, emblem of the "Northern men" in the Pilgrimage of Grace were seen again." Through many of these wrenching changes, however, Sir Christopher, who had taken the Oath of Supremacy, appeared to have accepted King Edward's "Injunctions," including expropriation of his bishop's land to the Crown. Duffy: "...by 1553 Morebath and Sir Christopher had shifted into granting the foundational claim to the English Reformation, the Crown's headship of the church." But the winds of yet another change now buffeted the English nation: the 15 year old King Edward VI died, and the question of his successor raised serious questions about England's religious future.

The coronation of Mary Tudor, the only child of Henry and Catherine of Aragon, was to bring to Sir Christopher and his parishioners a return to things "...we have done in the times past, and live after the old fashion." Writing in his parish diary, he called Mary's reign a "period of triumphant recovery, a restoration not merely of the church's ornaments and fabric, but of the church's Catholic spirits." He and other parish priests in the region criticized the Reformation as, "arrogant, destructive and un-English, a disastrous rebellion against God and the faith of our fathers." But the winds of change had not stopped

blowing, for shortly after Sir Christopher wrote those words, his five year idyll would end: Queen Mary was dead, and with her passing the process of reconstruction ended in its tracks. Duffy: "...with impeccably Catholic ceremonial, all over the country parishes celebrated what were to be in fact the funeral rites of Catholic England."

Within less than a year, Queen Bess issued a new set of Injunctions, including a "suppression of superstition, re-imposing the English Prayer Book and ordering the suppression of ceremonies, and the destruction of altars and images," a re-run of those of Edward and his "ardent" Protestant advisers. From the denizens of Morebath there was only minor resistance, and, whether from fatigue or indifference, the whole region seemed to obey these new strictures. Perhaps Elizabethan Anglicanism was far less intolerable than her brother's version, and a quiet and growing acceptance by the parishioners of Morebath now appeared inevitable.

As for Sir Christopher's fate, he neither fled the region, nor opposed "the new religion," although earlier his fiercest criticism of Edwardian Anglicanism had been its "decaying" effects on the church of Morebath. Toward the end of his life he had come to accept his fate, but he could not walk away and leave Morebath's church and the people he had baptized, married, and buried for decades. He was intuitively loyal to the Catholic Mass, the ancient faith and the sacraments, but as Duffy so poignantly put it: "...his religion in the end was the religion of Morebath," and, one might add, of his parishioners.

Eamon Duffy has written a book that has not been immune to criticism at different levels. Among them, Duffy has

been called to task because, in the words of one critic, "He is addicted to what is local and particular, to the specific trees without the forest." **The Voices of Morebath** is surely a parochial view of what was happening in larger scale throughout the country, but it is also a glimpse into one small town, often forgotten in historical accounts of events. I suspect that Duffy would be flattered by such a criticism.

Another critic, while citing **The Voices of Morebath** as an "invaluable" contribution to the debate about the English Reformation, questions its success to "engage in wider debates," such as in describing the "...underlying tension between two different interpretations between the emphasis on radical change, and the evidence of obvious continuity." Meanwhile, this critic does note, as I did in reading the book, "...as if some of the author's own views have been gently reconfigured as the book progresses, even perhaps as Sir Christopher's views were modified by fifty-four years of experience."

Still, one cannot help but conclude that Eamon Duffy has done yeoman's work in describing the seesawing religious changes brought on by Henry's wish to annul his marriage and re-marry. As Duffy noted in his *The Stripping of the Altars*, by the time of Elizabeth's death in 1603 after a reign of nearly 45 years, "...a generation was growing up which had known nothing else, which believed the Pope to be the Anti-Christ, the Mass a mummery, which did not look back to the Catholic past as their own, but another country, another world." Perhaps those words are, at least in certain aspects, a cautionary tale of what is happening to the Catholic Church today in the West. The book is widely available online. ■